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# THE ADVENTURES OF FAT FREDDY'S CAT

$2.00
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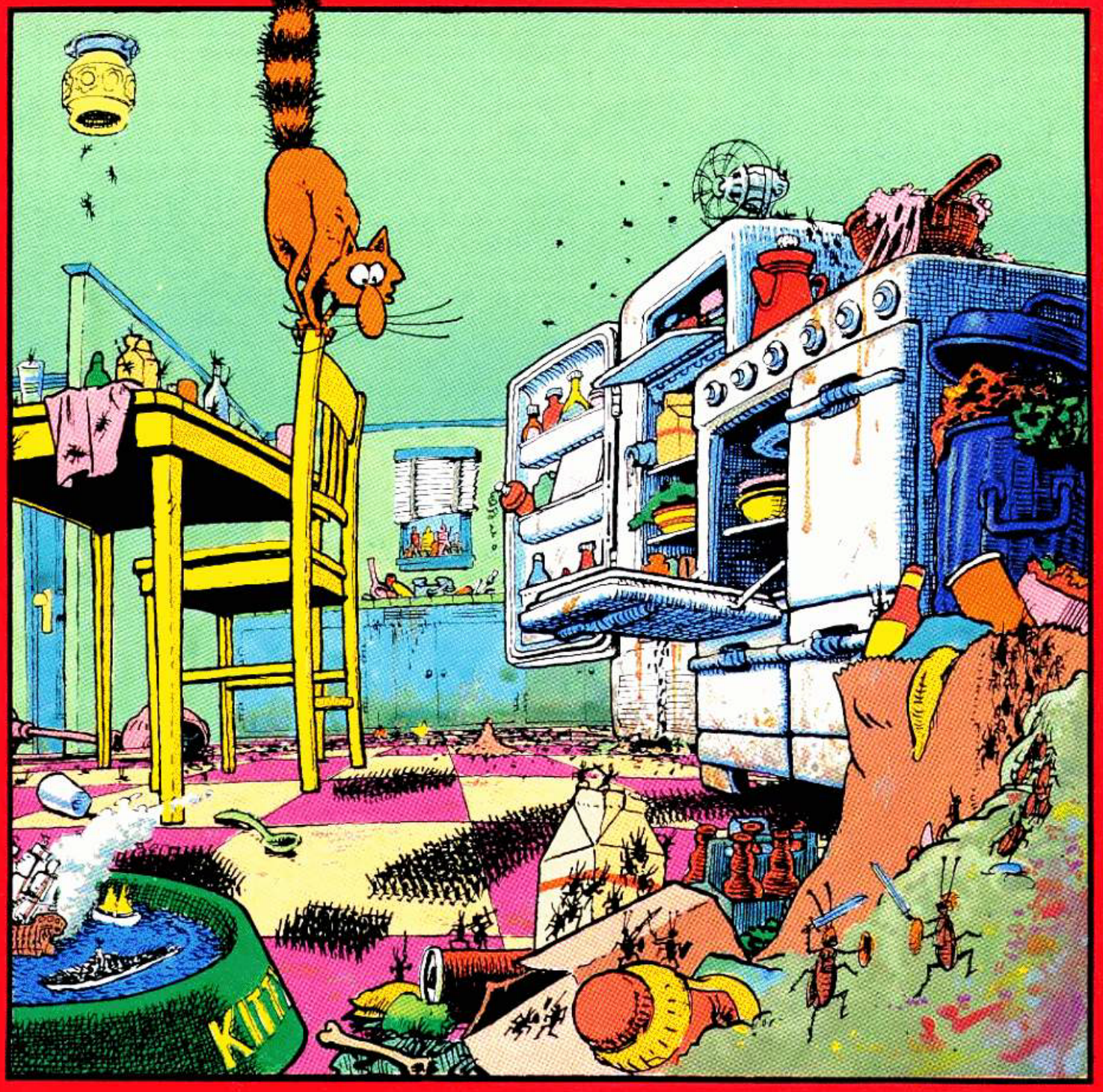
BOOK 6

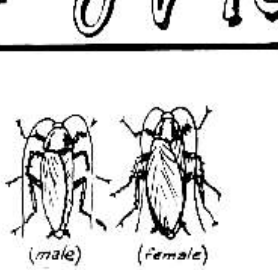
BY GILBERT SHELTON



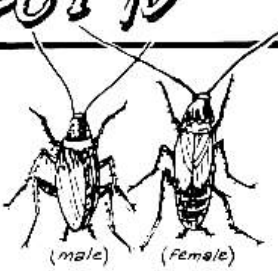
# COCKROACH FACTS

by GILBERT SHELTON

There are thousands of species of cockroaches, including tropical forest & semiaquatic varieties, woodborers, underground dwellers and species that are parasitic on other insects. Fortunately, only a few are house pests. The four types most commonly encountered are the **American Cockroach** (*Periplaneta americana*), the **German Cockroach** (*Blattella germanica*), the **Oriental Cockroach** (*Blatta orientalis*), and the **Brown-Banded Cockroach** (*Supella longipalpa*). Of these, the largest is the *Periplaneta americana*, a prime specimen of which can be up to two inches long. All of these species came originally from the old world, perhaps Africa. In the summer of 1979, over a million German cockroaches were found in a house in Schenectady, New York. Since then, this city has been known as the **Cockroach Capital of the World.**




***Phyllodromia germanica***
(German Cockroach)

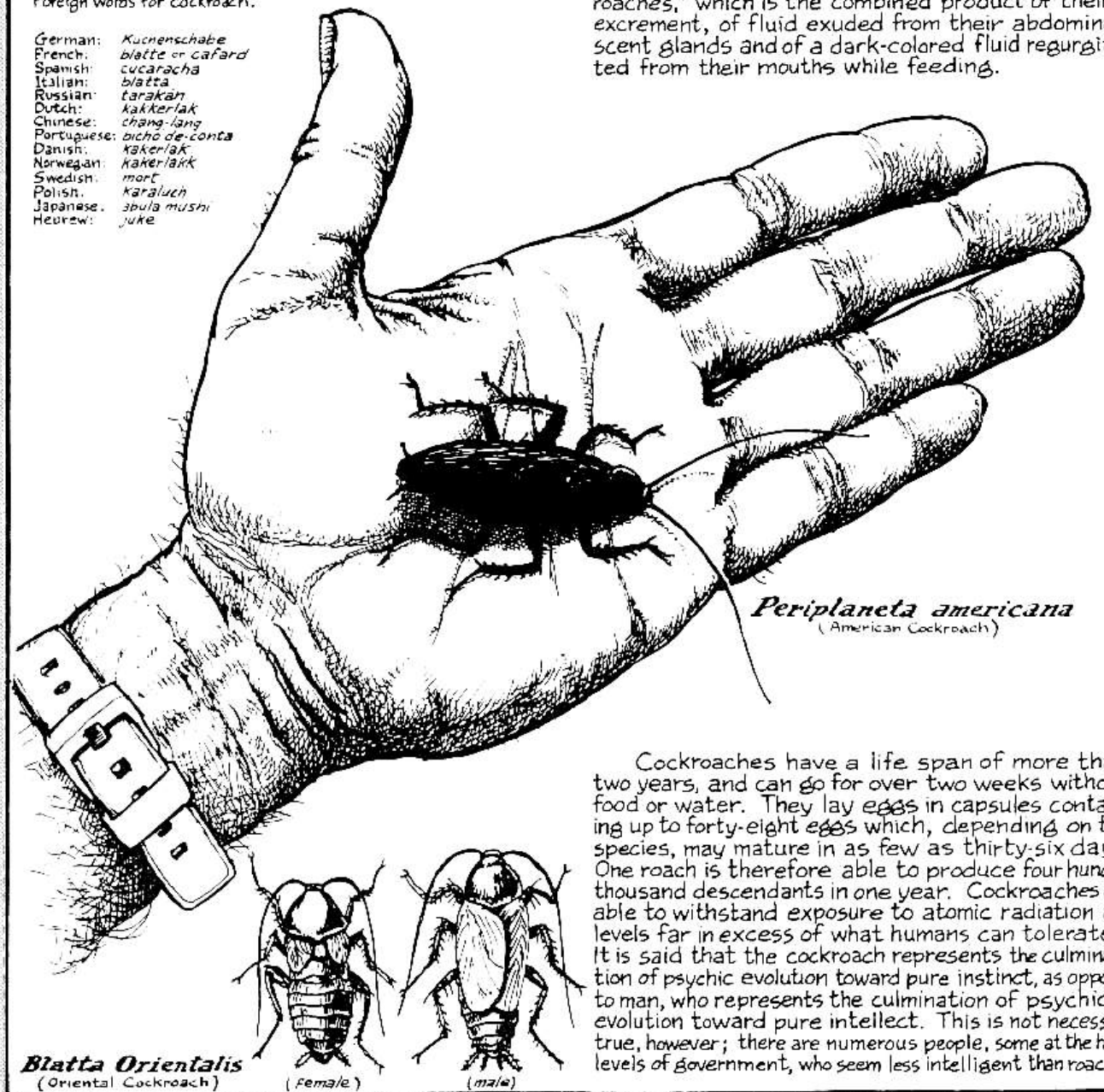



***Supella longipalpa***
(Brown-banded Cockroach)

The cockroach picks up vibrations with its antennae in the front and the **cerci** in the rear, which are attached directly to its legs, avoiding the need for its sensations to be processed by the brain before the legs start in motion. Roaches eat almost anything, a thin layer of grease being enough to keep them happy. They will eat bread, fruit, crackers, grease, sweets, vegetables, pet food, garbage, beer, marijuana, tobacco, cereal, paper, soap, glue, fingernails, toenails, pus, urine, feces, and each other. They produce an unpleasant odor called "attar of roaches," which is the combined product of their excrement, of fluid exuded from their abdominal scent glands and of a dark-colored fluid regurgitated from their mouths while feeding.

Foreign words for cockroach:

| | |
|---|---|
| German: | *Kuchenschabe* |
| French: | *blatte* or *cafard* |
| Spanish: | *cucaracha* |
| Italian: | *blatta* |
| Russian: | *tarakan* |
| Dutch: | *kakkerlak* |
| Chinese: | *chang-lang* |
| Portuguese: | *bicho de-conta* |
| Danish: | *kakerlak* |
| Norwegian: | *kakerlakk* |
| Swedish: | *mort* |
| Polish: | *karaluch* |
| Japanese: | *abula mushi* |
| Hebrew: | *juke* |



***Periplaneta americana***
(American Cockroach)

Cockroaches have a life span of more than two years, and can go for over two weeks without food or water. They lay eggs in capsules containing up to forty-eight eggs which, depending on the species, may mature in as few as thirty-six days. One roach is therefore able to produce four hundred thousand descendants in one year. Cockroaches are able to withstand exposure to atomic radiation at levels far in excess of what humans can tolerate. It is said that the cockroach represents the culmination of psychic evolution toward pure instinct, as opposed to man, who represents the culmination of psychic evolution toward pure intellect. This is not necessarily true, however; there are numerous people, some at the highest levels of government, who seem less intelligent than roaches.

***Blatta Orientalis***
(Oriental Cockroach)
(female)
(male)

# FAT FREDDY'S CAT

## BOOK 6

BY GILBERT SHELTON

**THE ADVENTURES OF FAT FREDDY'S CAT BOOK 6**

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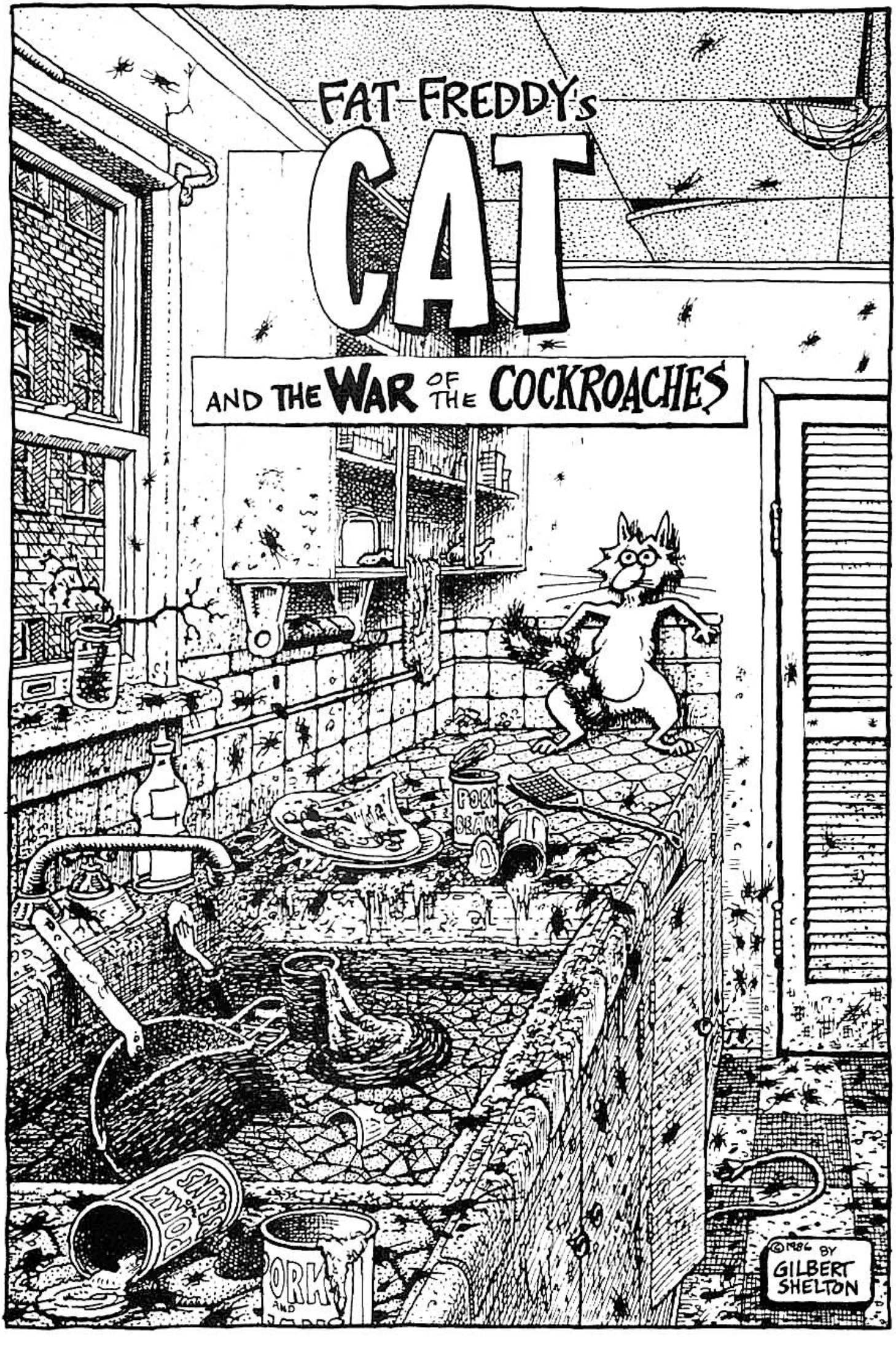
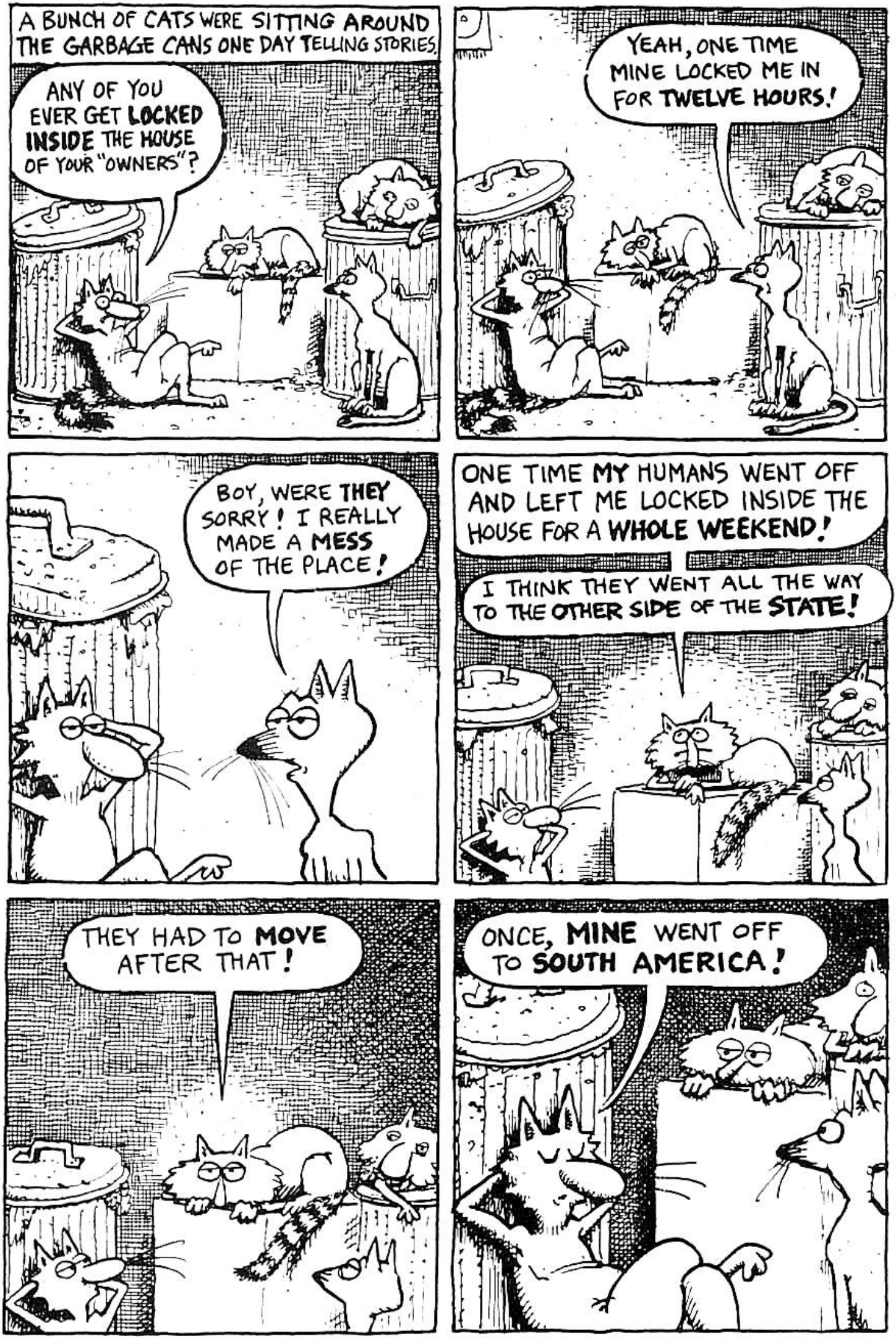

FAT FREDDY's
CAT
AND THE WAR OF THE COCKROACHES
PORK
BEANS
©1986 BY
GILBERT
SHELTON


A BUNCH OF CATS WERE SITTING AROUND THE GARBAGE CANS ONE DAY TELLING STORIES.
ANY OF YOU EVER GET LOCKED INSIDE THE HOUSE OF YOUR "OWNERS"?
YEAH, ONE TIME MINE LOCKED ME IN FOR TWELVE HOURS!
BOY, WERE THEY SORRY! I REALLY MADE A MESS OF THE PLACE!
ONE TIME MY HUMANS WENT OFF AND LEFT ME LOCKED INSIDE THE HOUSE FOR A WHOLE WEEKEND!
I THINK THEY WENT ALL THE WAY TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STATE!
THEY HAD TO MOVE AFTER THAT!
ONCE, MINE WENT OFF TO SOUTH AMERICA!

I WAS IN PARADISE!
NOT A SINGLE HUMAN BEING TO TORMENT AND ABUSE ME...

...I COULD SLEEP UP ON TOP OF THE STOVE WHERE IT WAS WARM, FOR INSTANCE...

THERE WAS FURNITURE TO TEAR UP, THINGS TO TURN OVER, SACKS OF GARBAGE TO STREW ABOUT—A THOUSAND THINGS FOR A CAT TO DO!
RIP
TEAR
POP

THERE WAS A TREMENDOUS SACK OF DRIED CAT FOOD IN THE PANTRY AND RUNNING WATER IN THE TOILET! I WAS SET UP FOR A LONG TIME!
PEANUT BUTTER
TEA
ECONOMY
KITTY KUBES
DRY
CAT FOOD

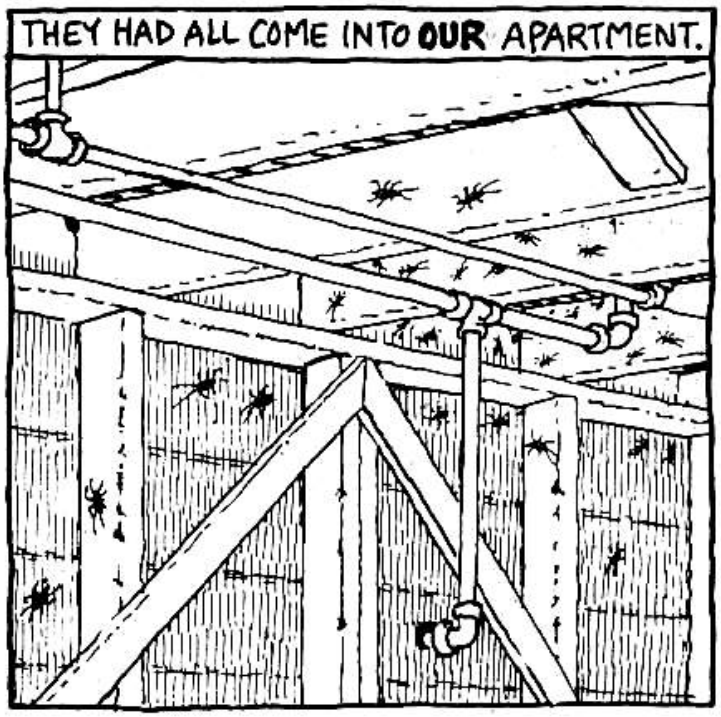
IT WAS THE NEIGHBORS THAT CAUSED ALL THE PROBLEMS!
THE NEIGHBORS?

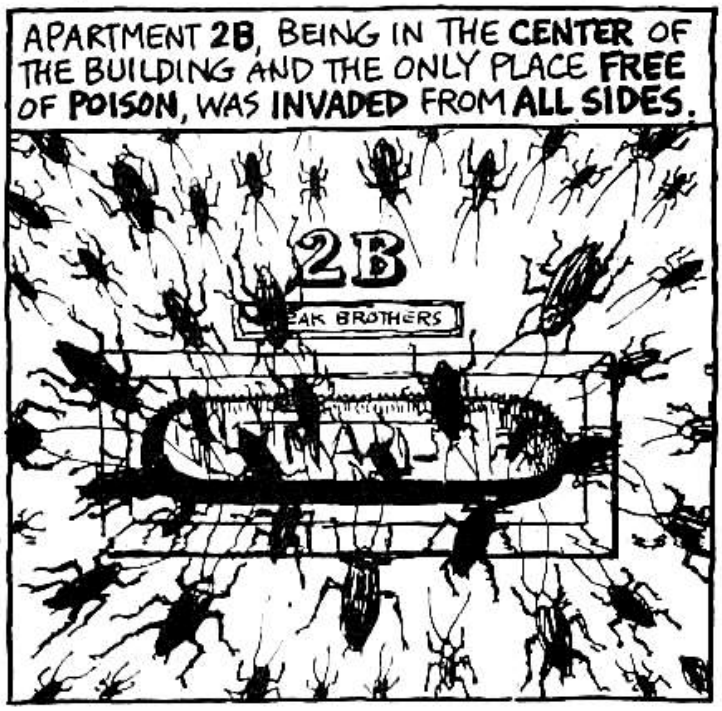
SHORTLY AFTER THE FREAK BROTHERS HAD LEFT FOR BOGOTA, THERE HAPPENED TO BE A MEETING OF THE TENANTS OF THE BUILDING.
IS EVERYONE HERE?
EVERYBODY EXCEPT THE GUYS IN 2B!
DONT THEY KNOW ABOUT THE MEETING?

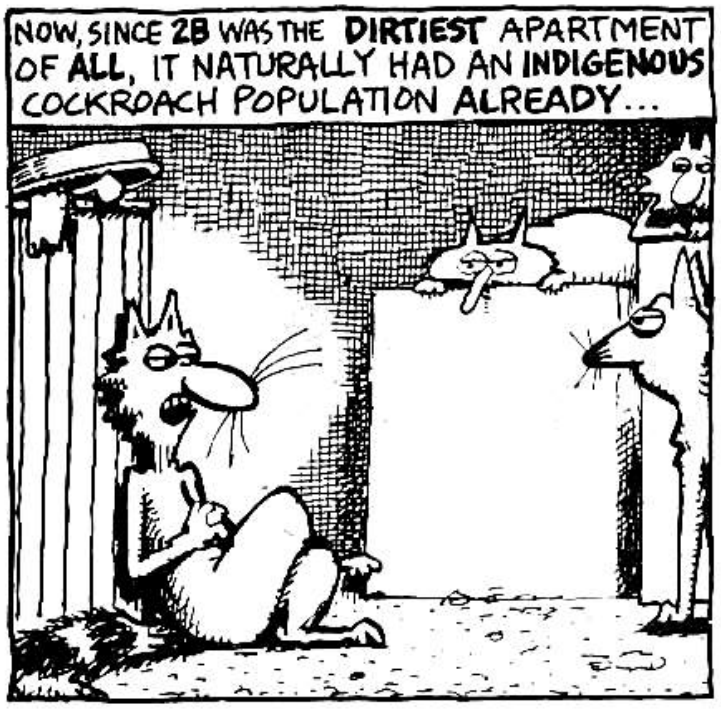
I PUT A NOTICE IN THEIR MAILBOX!
SOMEBODY GO DOWN AND SEE IF THEY'RE AT HOME!
I'LL GO KNOCK ON THEIR DOOR!
NATURALLY, I DIDN'T ANSWER...
WELL, THIS HERE MEETING IS GOING TO HAVE TO GO ON WITHOUT THEM! WE GOT TO TAKE CARE OF BUSINESS!
YOU WANTED TO SPEAK FIRST, MIZ COZNOWPSKI?
YOU BET I DID, JULIUS!
MY APARTMENT IS INFESTED WITH COCKROACHES! THEY'RE ALL OVER MY KITCHEN AND LIVING ROOM!
THEY'RE HIDEOUS AND DISGUSTING!
THEY'RE IN MY PLACE, TOO! CRAWLING UP THE WALLS!
THERE ARE DEAD ONES IN THE LIGHT FIXTURES!
THEY'RE ON THE STAIRWAYS TOO!
I CAN HEAR THEM POPPING IN MY OVEN WHEN I COOK!
THIS MORNING THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF BABY ONES IN MY TOOTHBRUSH!
WE GOT A PROBLEM, ALL RIGHT! WHAT CAN WE MAKE THE LANDLORD DO ABOUT IT?
HERE'S ONE RIGHT HERE!

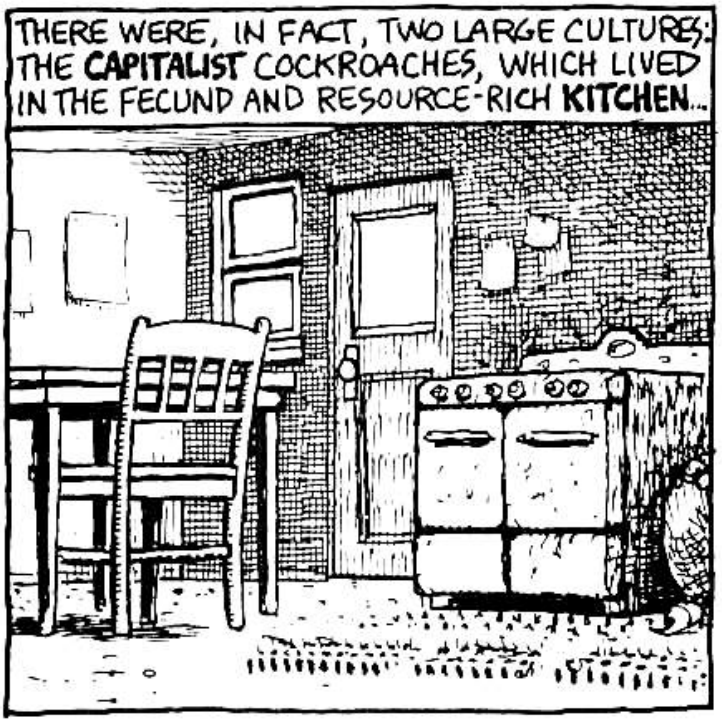
I'VE PHONED THE LANDLORD GOD KNOWS HOW MANY TIMES AND ALL I EVER GET IS HIS ANSWERING MACHINE! HE'S NEVER RETURNED ANY OF MY CALLS! NOT ONE!
THE LANDLORD HASN'T HAD ANYTHING REPAIRED IN THIS BUILDING FOR YEARS!
I THINK WE CAN SAFELY SAY THE LANDLORD IS NOT GOING TO BE OF ANY HELP!
WE CAN TAKE UP A COLLECTION TO HAVE A PEST CONTROL SPRAY!
THAT'S EXPENSIVE AS HELL! WE CAN RENT A MACHINE AND DO IT OURSELVES!
SO JULIUS AND MARVIN RENTED A SPRAYER.
THEY SPRAYED EVERY APARTMENT THOROUGHLY, EXCEPT THE FREAK BROTHERS' WHICH WAS LOCKED.
THEY TRIED TO SQUIRT THE SPRAY UNDER THE DOOR, BUT ONLY A SMALL AMOUNT GOT IN. AFTER A BIT, THEY GAVE UP AND WENT AWAY.

WHEN THE NEIGHBORS WERE ABLE TO RE-ENTER THEIR APARTMENTS, THEY WERE PLEASANTLY SHOCKED.
THE COCKROACHES ARE ALL GONE!
I DON'T EVEN SEE ANY DEAD ONES!


THEY HAD ALL COME INTO OUR APARTMENT.

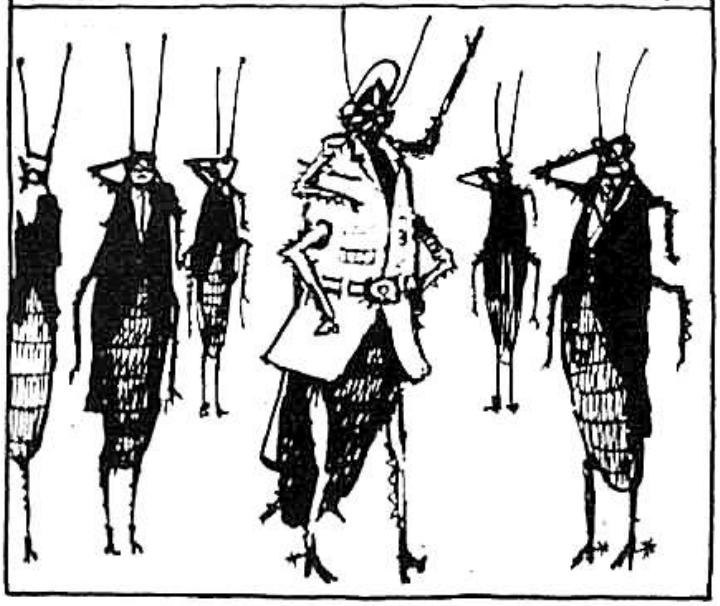

APARTMENT 2B, BEING IN THE CENTER OF THE BUILDING AND THE ONLY PLACE FREE OF POISON, WAS INVADED FROM ALL SIDES.
2B


NOW, SINCE 2B WAS THE DIRTIEST APARTMENT OF ALL, IT NATURALLY HAD AN INDIGENOUS COCKROACH POPULATION ALREADY...

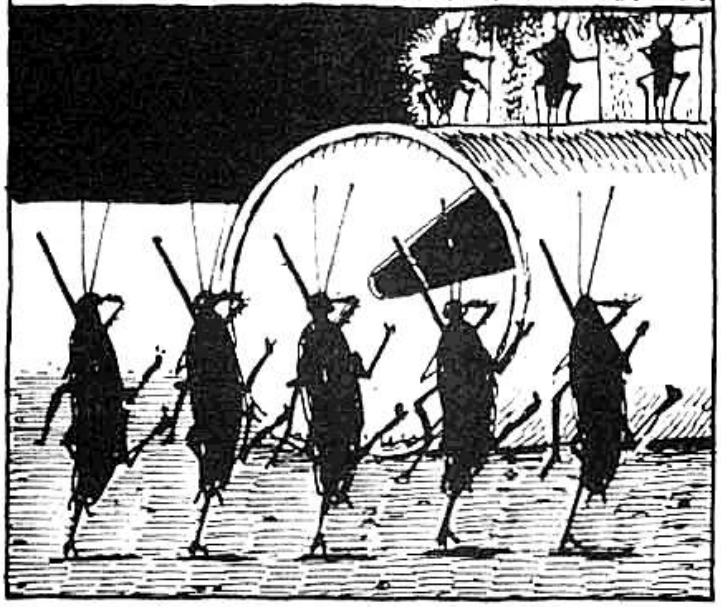

THERE WERE, IN FACT, TWO LARGE CULTURES: THE CAPITALIST COCKROACHES, WHICH LIVED IN THE FECUND AND RESOURCE-RICH KITCHEN...

...AND THE COMMUNIST COCKROACHES, WHICH INHABITED THE VAST BUT RELATIVELY BARREN REGIONS OF THE LIVING ROOM AND BATHROOM.

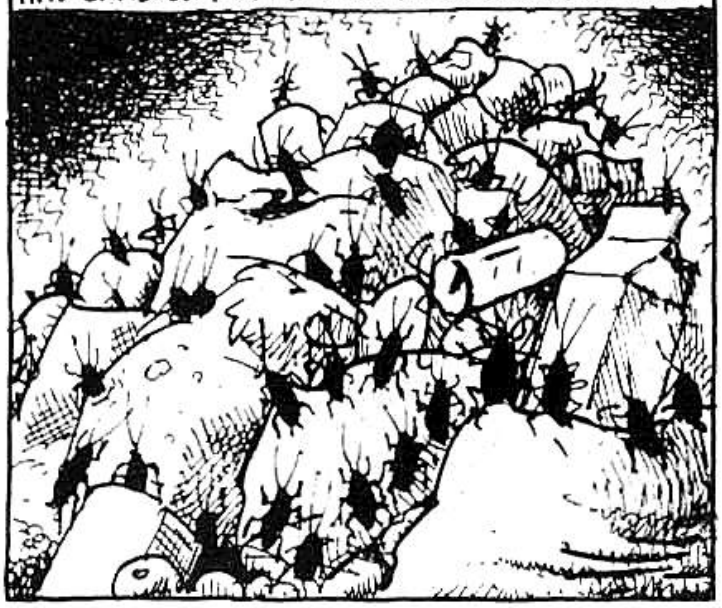
THE **LEADER** OF THE **CAPITALIST** ROACHES WAS AN OLD DEMAGOGUE OF A ***BLATTELLA GERMANICA*** KNOWN AS **PRESIDENT-COMMANDER-POPE SWELLGUY 3d**.



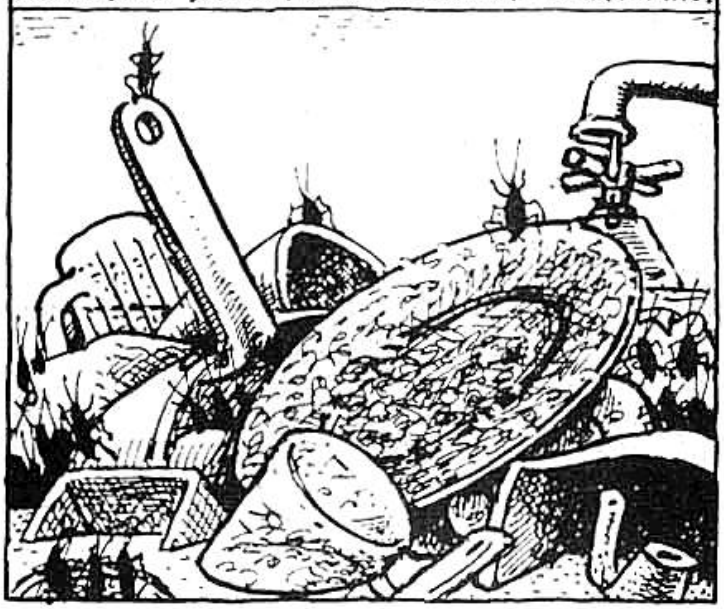
HE WAS BACKED BY A CADRE OF LOYAL MERCENARY ***PERIPLANETAE AMERICANAE*** WHO SURROUNDED HIS ROYAL BUNKER UNDERNEATH THE KITCHEN STOVE.



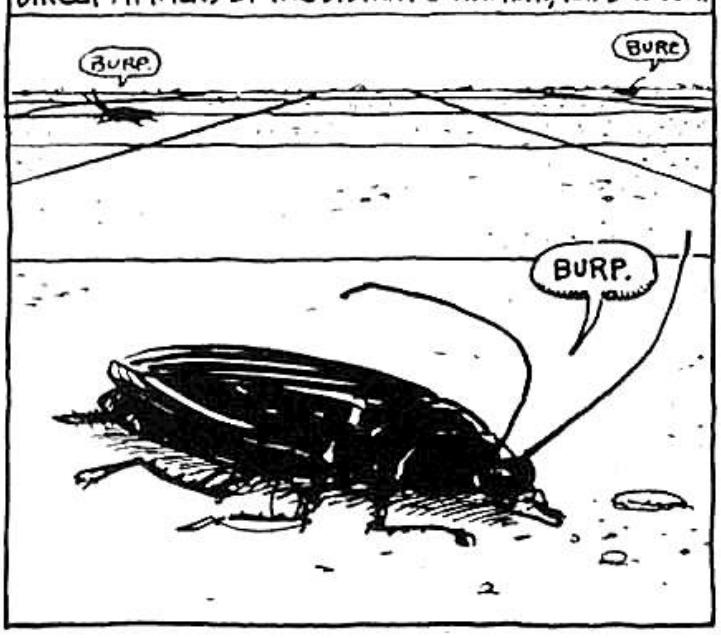
THOUGH OUTNUMBERED BY THE COMMUNIST ROACHES, THE CAPITALISTS' SUPERIOR RESOURCES AND TECHNOLOGY HAD ENABLED THEM TO LIVE IN SECURE ISOLATION.



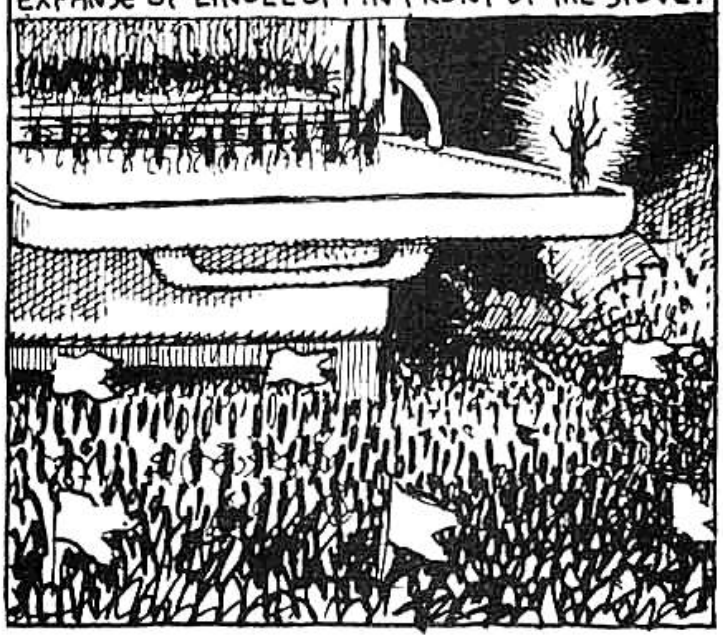
A RICH HARVEST OF UNCARRIED-OUT GARBAGE WAS THEIRS FOR THE PICKING, AND A WEALTH OF UNWASHED DISHES FILLED THE SINK TO OVERFLOWING.



THE CHIEF PROBLEM THAT HAD FACED THE COCKROACH COLONY OF THE KITCHEN, THEN, IN THE ABSENCE OF ANY DIRECT ATTACKS BY THE DISTANT COMMUNISTS, WAS **BOREDOM**.




THE CAPITALISTS MAINTAINED THEIR MORALE BY HOLDING **MOONLIGHT PEP RALLIES** ON THE BROAD EXPANSE OF LINOLEUM IN FRONT OF THE STOVE.



PRESIDENT-COMMANDER-POPE SWELLGUY 3d WAS A **MASTER** OF **PROPAGANDA**, AND THE COCKROACHES OF THE KITCHEN BELIEVED **EVERYTHING** THAT HE **SAID**.

IT HAS BEEN POINTED OUT TO ME BY MY MILITARY ADVISORS THAT OUR **MORTAL FOES**, THE **EVIL COMMUNISTS**, HAVE DEVELOPED A **NEW BIOLOGICAL WEAPON** TO BE USED AGAINST US: **WINGED PIGS** WHICH ARE CAPABLE OF **FLIGHT**!

AIEEEE!

AIEEEE!

AIEEE!

AIEEEE!

THEREFORE, IN ORDER TO **PROTECT** OUR **GREAT MORAL CIVILIZATION**, WE MUST **GATHER ADDITIONAL FUNDS** FOR OUR **NOBLE FRIENDS** AND **PROTECTORS**, THE **DEFENSE CONTRACTORS** AND THE **BRAVE MEMBERS** OF THE **MILITARY**!

CLAP CLAP

CLAP

CLAP

HOORAY!

CLAP

CLAP

CLAP

CLAP

CLAP

CLAP

HOORAY!

CLAP

TO DO THIS, I MUST AGAIN **RAISE** THE **TAXES** OF THE **LOWER BRACKETS**, ALTHOUGH I AM **SURE** THESE CITIZENS WILL NOT **MIND**, SINCE THEY ARE STILL AT LEAST **TWELVE POINT THREE** TIMES BETTER OFF THAN THEIR COMMUNIST COUNTERPART, THOSE MISERABLE, WRETCHED, UNSTYLISHLY-DRESSED WORKERS SUFFERING UNDER THE **GODLESS YOKE**!

12.3
OFFICIAL NUMBER

**FALL IN**! FORWARD **MARCH**! **PRESENT ARMS**! PRESENT **LEGS**!

**ZEKE**! **HI-Y'ALL**!
**ZEKE**! **HI-Y'ALL**!
*

STANDIN' TALL!
STANDIN' TALL!

*PRESIDENT-COMMANDER-POPE SWELLGUY 3d'S FIRST NAME WAS "ZEKE".

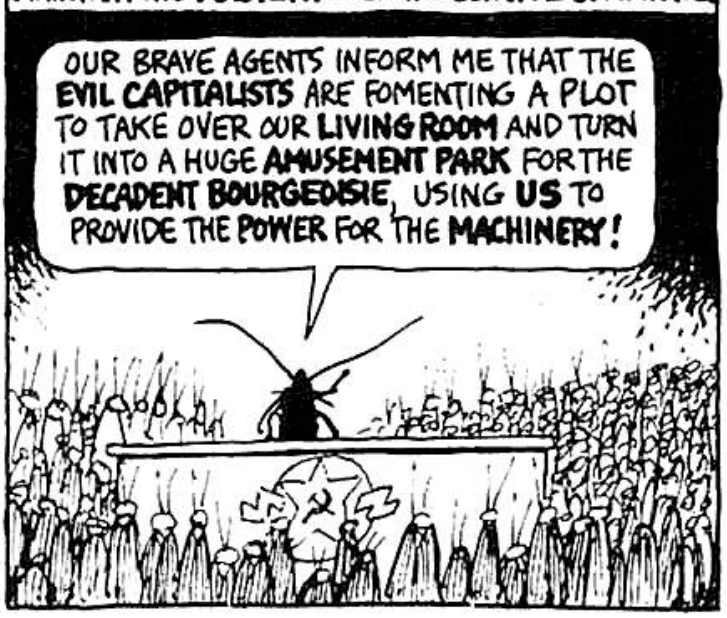
ALL RIGHT, PARADE TIME OVER! NOW, EVERYBODY ON THEIR KNEES FOR FIVE MINUTES OF **OFFICIAL VOLUNTARY PRAYER**!

OUR **FODDER**, WHICH ART IN **OVEN**...

THE KITCHEN ROACHES **OBEYED** SWELLGUY **HAPPILY**.

THE **COMMUNIST** ROACHES WERE LED BY A CRAFTY AND RUTHLESS ***BLATTELLA ORIENTALIS*** KNOWN AS **PREMIER ATTAR KAKAVICH TARAKAN.**

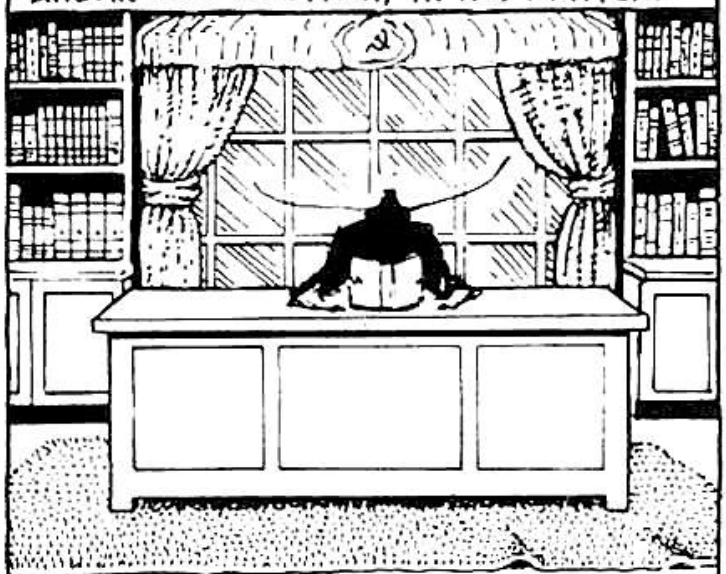
ATTAR TARAKAN WAS **LIKEWISE** A MASTER OF RHETORIC AND DOGMA, USING HIS TALENTS TO MAINTAIN HIS **MASTERY** OVER THE **CENTRAL COMMITTEE**




HE PLAYED UPON THE ENFORCED IGNORANCE AND NATURAL PARANOIA OF THE LIVING ROOM ROACHES, WEAVING FANTASTIC TALES OF CAPITALIST INTRIGUE.

AND WOE BE UNTO THE COMMUNIST COCKROACH THAT DARED CROSS ANTENNAE WITH THE FORMIDABLE SUPREME SECRETARY ATTAR KAKAVICH TARAKAN.

TARAKAN HAD BEEN WAITING SOME TIME FOR THE CITADEL OF CAPITALISM TO FALL INTO HIS HANDS "LIKE AN OVER-RIPE FRUIT," AS IT IS WRITTEN.*

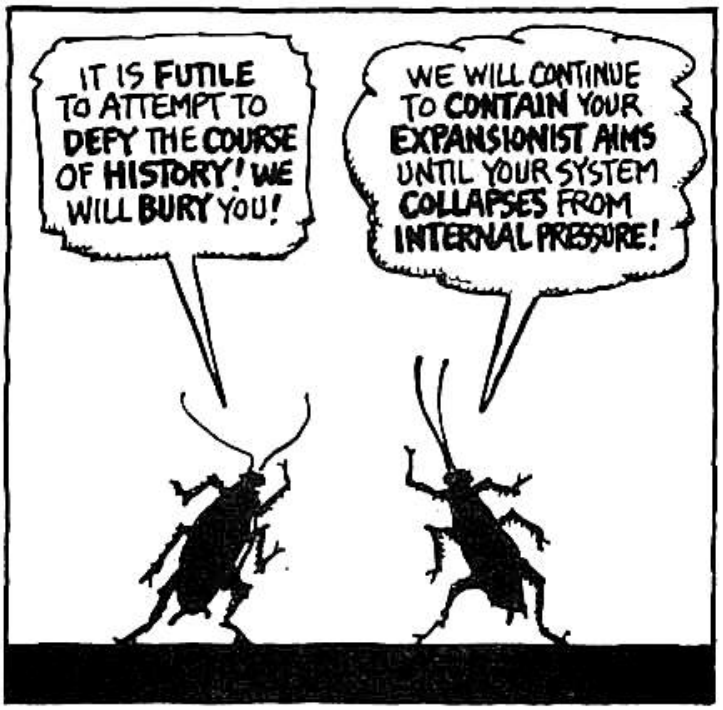


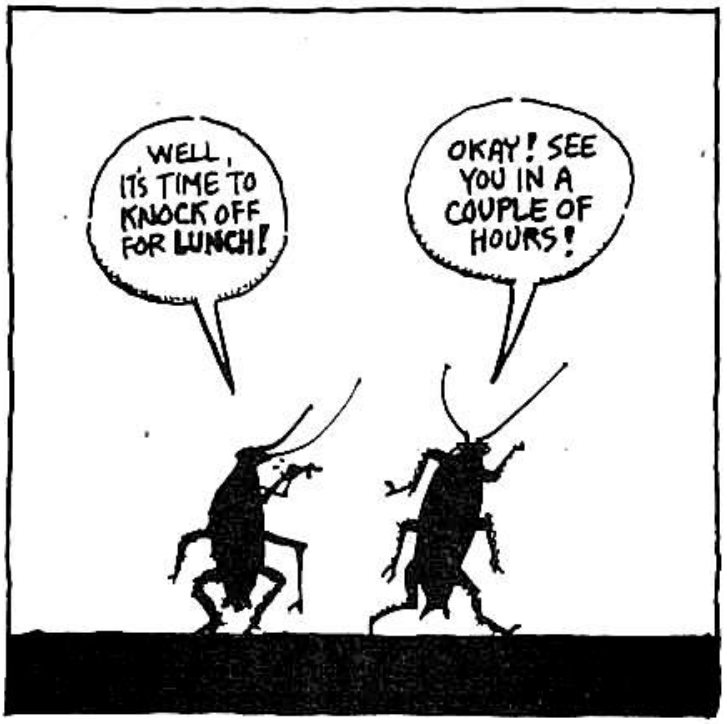
*NOT BY MARX, BUT BY ROBERT WELCH IN THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY BLUE BOOK.

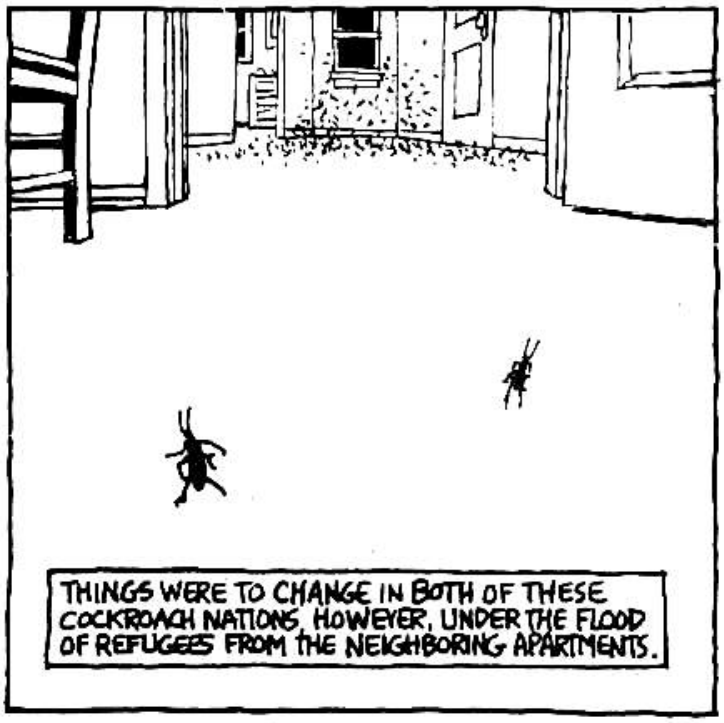
HE HAD WAITED SO LONG, IN FACT, HE HAD EVEN CONSIDERED TURNING CAPITALIST HIMSELF, UNTIL HE LEARNED HE WOULD BE EXPECTED TO START AT THE BOTTOM OF THEIR LADDER.

THE LIVING ROOM, THOUGH LESS BOUNTIFUL THAN THE KITCHEN, NONETHELESS CONTAINED A DEPOSIT OF STALE SNACKS AND HALF-FINISHED BEERS FROM THE LAST PARTY SEVERAL WEEKS AGO.

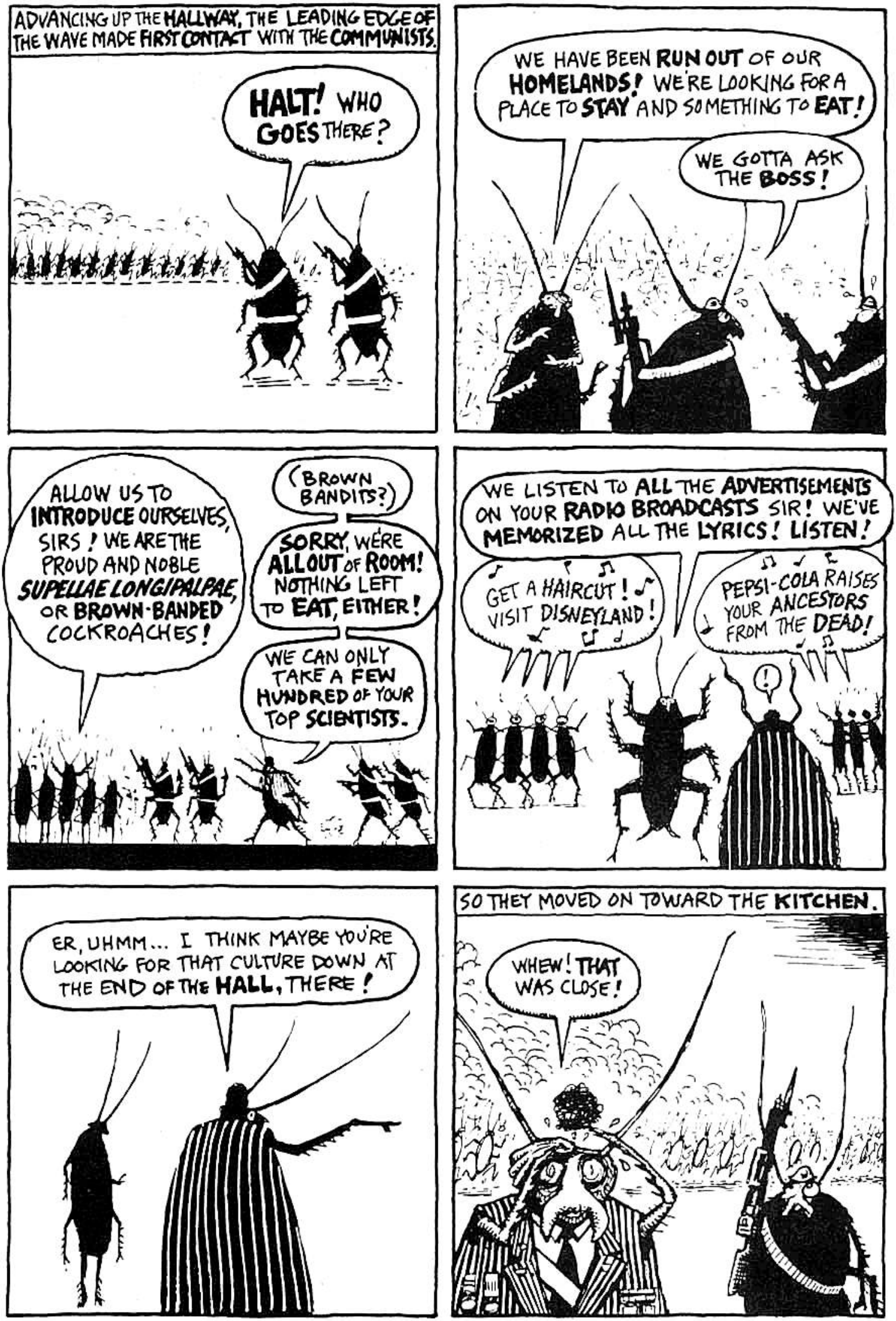
THE CAPITALIST-COMMUNIST COCKROACH CONFLICT HAD LONG AGO SETTLED INTO A RITUALIZED CHARADE BASED AROUND INSIGNIFICANT TERRITORIAL CLAIMS, SUCH AS PHINEAS' ROOM.



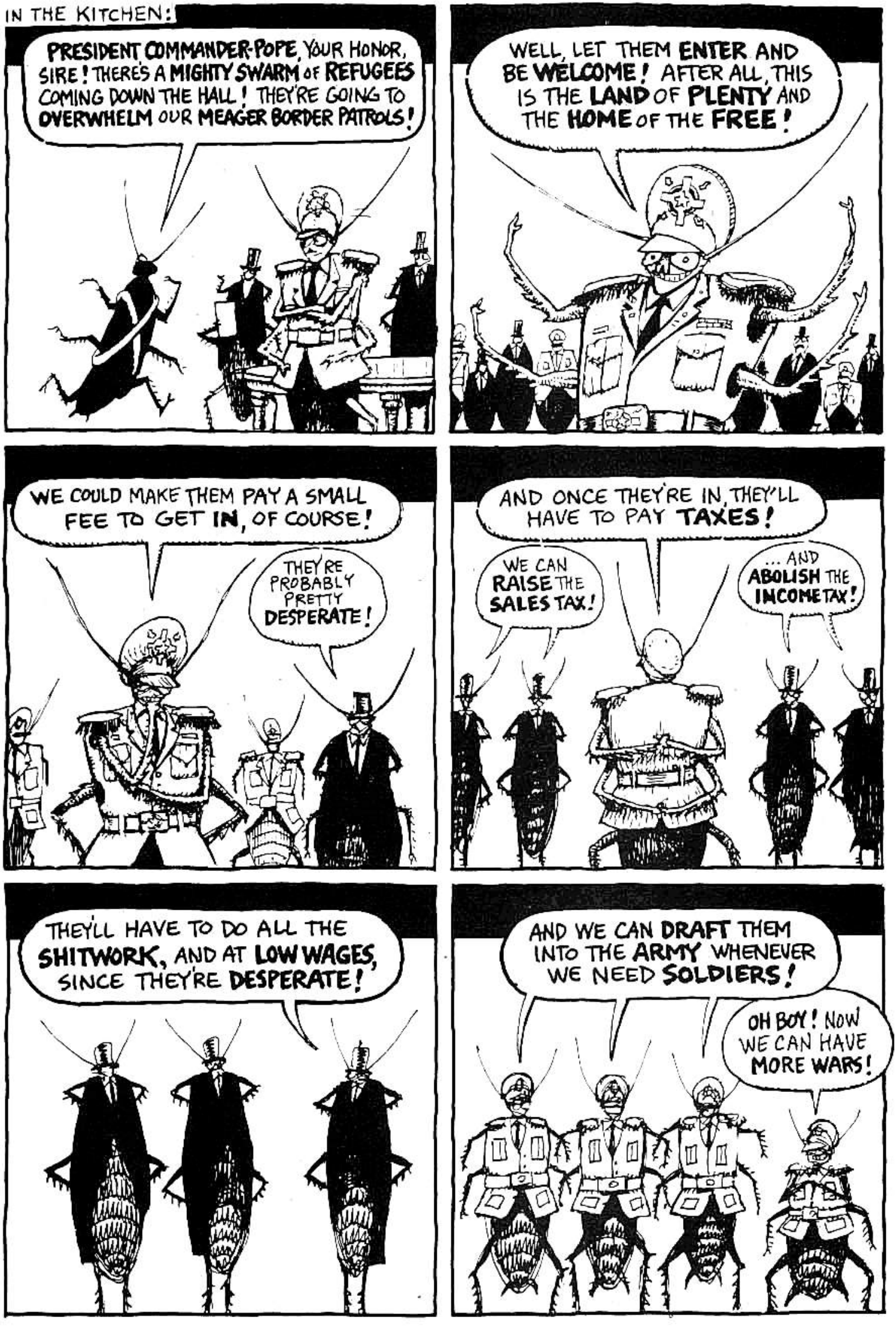


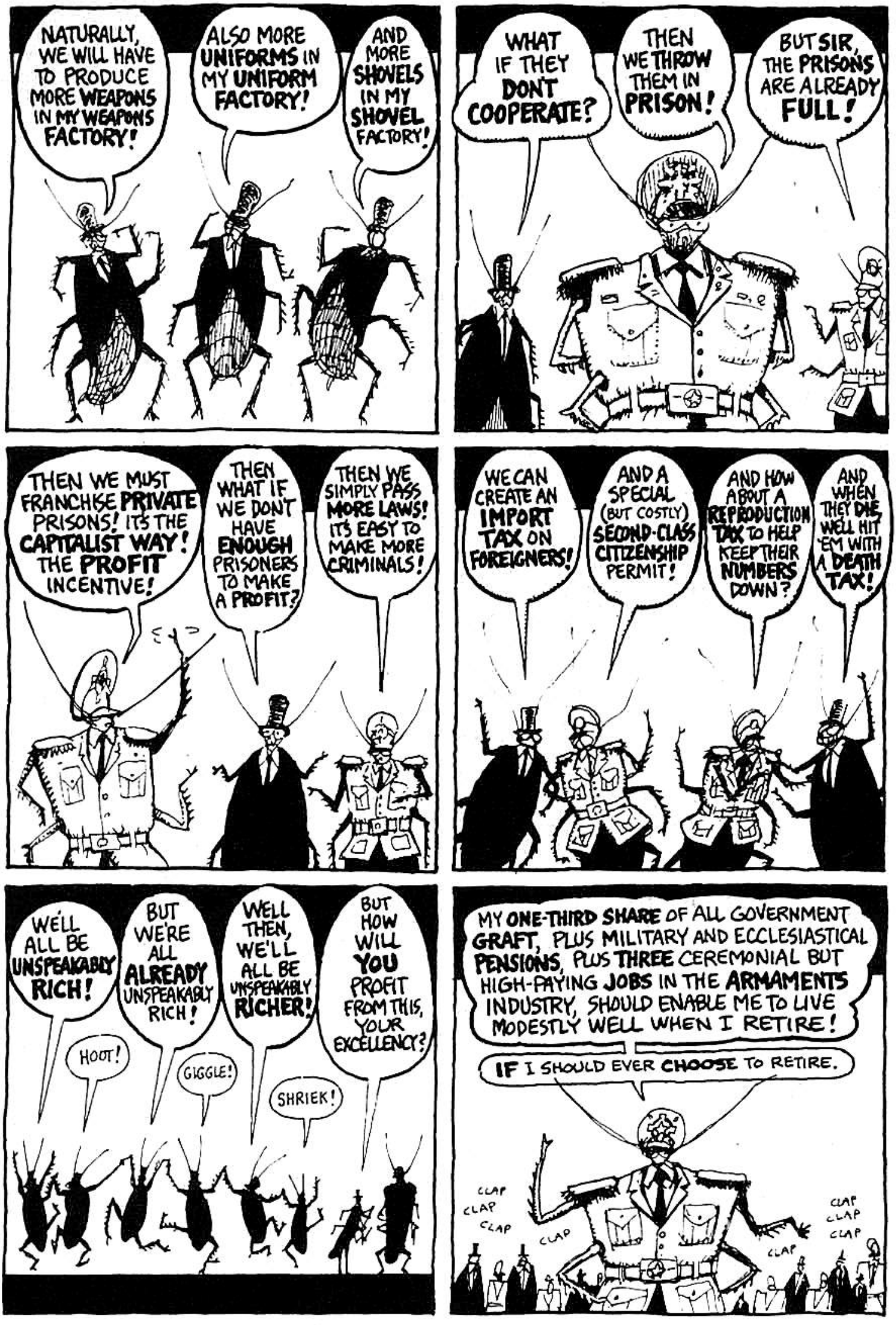



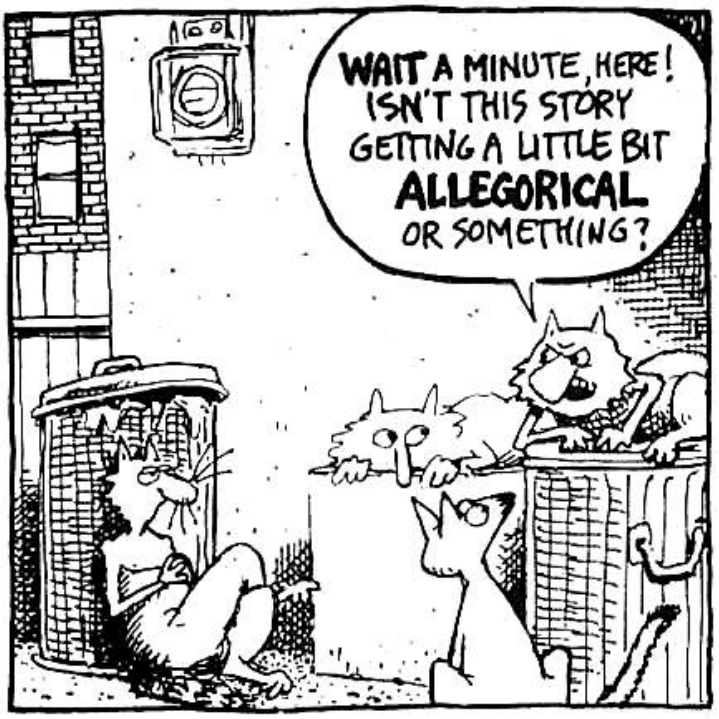
THINGS WERE TO CHANGE IN BOTH OF THESE COCKROACH NATIONS, HOWEVER, UNDER THE FLOOD OF REFUGEES FROM THE NEIGHBORING APARTMENTS.

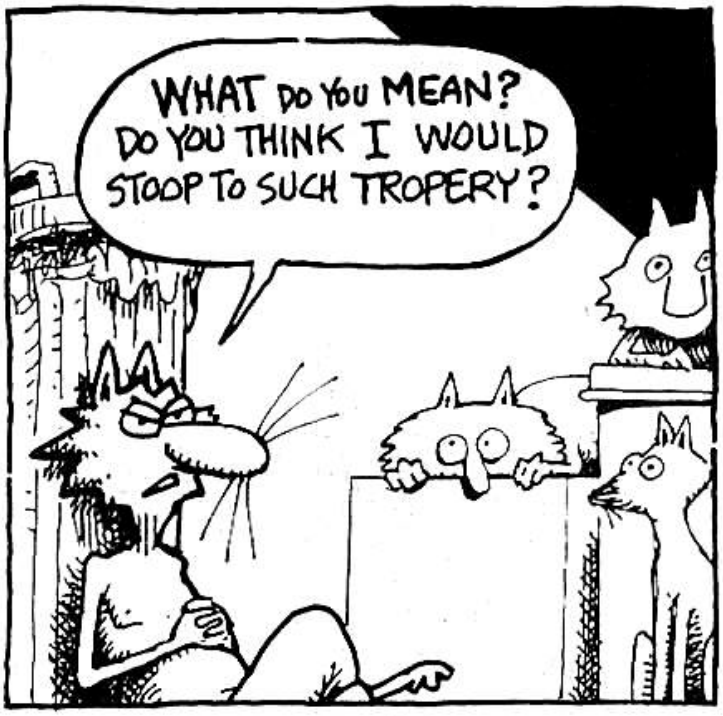

ADVANCING UP THE HALLWAY, THE LEADING EDGE OF THE WAVE MADE FIRST CONTACT WITH THE COMMUNISTS.
HALT! WHO GOES THERE?
WE HAVE BEEN RUN OUT OF OUR HOMELANDS! WE'RE LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO STAY AND SOMETHING TO EAT!
WE GOTTA ASK THE BOSS!
ALLOW US TO INTRODUCE OURSELVES, SIRS! WE ARE THE PROUD AND NOBLE SUPELLAE LONGIPALPAE, OR BROWN-BANDED COCKROACHES!
(BROWN BANDITS?)
SORRY, WE'RE ALL OUT OF ROOM! NOTHING LEFT TO EAT, EITHER!
WE CAN ONLY TAKE A FEW HUNDRED OF YOUR TOP SCIENTISTS.
WE LISTEN TO ALL THE ADVERTISEMENTS ON YOUR RADIO BROADCASTS SIR! WE'VE MEMORIZED ALL THE LYRICS! LISTEN!
GET A HAIRCUT! VISIT DISNEYLAND!
PEPSI-COLA RAISES YOUR ANCESTORS FROM THE DEAD!
!
ER, UHMM... I THINK MAYBE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THAT CULTURE DOWN AT THE END OF THE HALL, THERE!
SO THEY MOVED ON TOWARD THE KITCHEN.
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

IN THE KITCHEN:




NATURALLY, WE WILL HAVE TO PRODUCE MORE WEAPONS IN MY WEAPONS FACTORY!
ALSO MORE UNIFORMS IN MY UNIFORM FACTORY!
AND MORE SHOVELS IN MY SHOVEL FACTORY!
WHAT IF THEY DON'T COOPERATE?
THEN WE THROW THEM IN PRISON!
BUT SIR, THE PRISONS ARE ALREADY FULL!
THEN WE MUST FRANCHISE PRIVATE PRISONS! IT'S THE CAPITALIST WAY! THE PROFIT INCENTIVE!
THEN WHAT IF WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH PRISONERS TO MAKE A PROFIT?
THEN WE SIMPLY PASS MORE LAWS! IT'S EASY TO MAKE MORE CRIMINALS!
WE CAN CREATE AN IMPORT TAX ON FOREIGNERS!
AND A SPECIAL (BUT COSTLY) SECOND-CLASS CITIZENSHIP PERMIT!
AND HOW ABOUT A REPRODUCTION TAX TO HELP KEEP THEIR NUMBERS DOWN?
AND WHEN THEY DIE, WE'LL HIT 'EM WITH A DEATH TAX!
WE'LL ALL BE UNSPEAKABLY RICH!
HOOT!
BUT WE'RE ALL ALREADY UNSPEAKABLY RICH!
GIGGLE!
WELL THEN, WE'LL ALL BE UNSPEAKABLY RICHER!
SHRIEK!
BUT HOW WILL YOU PROFIT FROM THIS, YOUR EXCELLENCY?
MY ONE-THIRD SHARE OF ALL GOVERNMENT GRAFT, PLUS MILITARY AND ECCLESIASTICAL PENSIONS, PLUS THREE CEREMONIAL BUT HIGH-PAYING JOBS IN THE ARMAMENTS INDUSTRY, SHOULD ENABLE ME TO LIVE MODESTLY WELL WHEN I RETIRE!
IF I SHOULD EVER CHOOSE TO RETIRE.
CLAP CLAP CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP CLAP CLAP


WAIT A MINUTE, HERE! ISN'T THIS STORY GETTING A LITTLE BIT ALLEGORICAL OR SOMETHING?


WHAT DO YOU MEAN? DO YOU THINK I WOULD STOOP TO SUCH TROPERY?

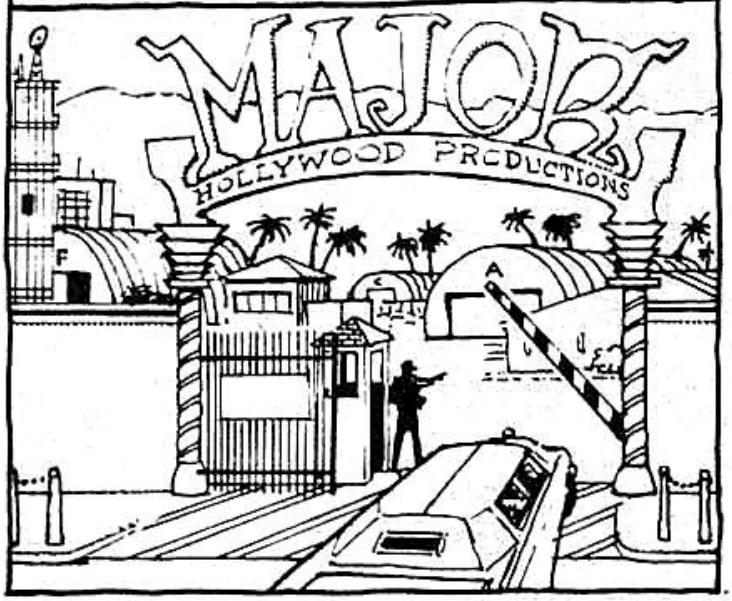
IT'S A TRULY SPELLBINDING STORY! IN FACT, I'VE ALREADY SOLD IT TO THE MOVIES AND TELEVISION.

A MAJOR HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER HAS ALREADY BEGUN FILMING IT.

IT'S GOT CLINT EASTWOOD AND JANE FONDA AND JACK NICHOLSON AND FAYE DUNAWAY AND SYLVESTER STALLONE AND DUSTIN HOFFMAN AND SHIRLEY MACLAINE AND MARLON BRANDO AND ROBERT DENIRO AND JOAN COLLINS AND BURT REYNOLDS AND DIANE KEATON AND CHARLES BRONSON AND MIA FARROW AND ROBERT REDFORD AND HARRISON FORD AND MERYL STREEP AND MICHAEL DOUGLAS AND AUDREY HEPBURN AND CARRIE FISHER AND JACK LEMMON AND JOHN VOIGHT AND SAM SHEPARD AND HARRY DEAN STANTON AND MR. T. AND MADONNA.

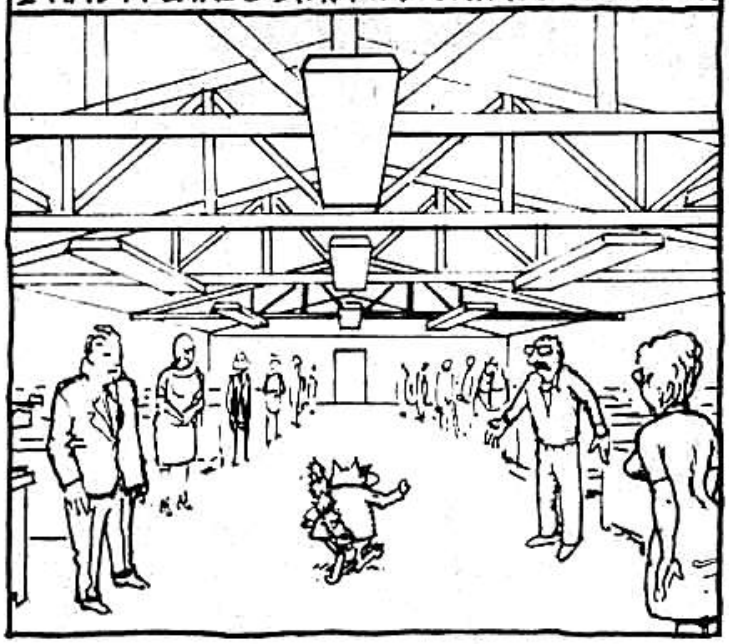
THEY MADE BIG COCKROACH SUITS FOR ALL OF THEM.
← SET A, B
SET C, D →
COSTUME DEPARTMENT

THEY EVEN BROUGHT **ME** IN (AT A SUBSTANTIAL FEE) TO POLISH UP THE SCREENPLAY AND TO BE THE NARRATOR FOR THE MOVIE ITSELF.



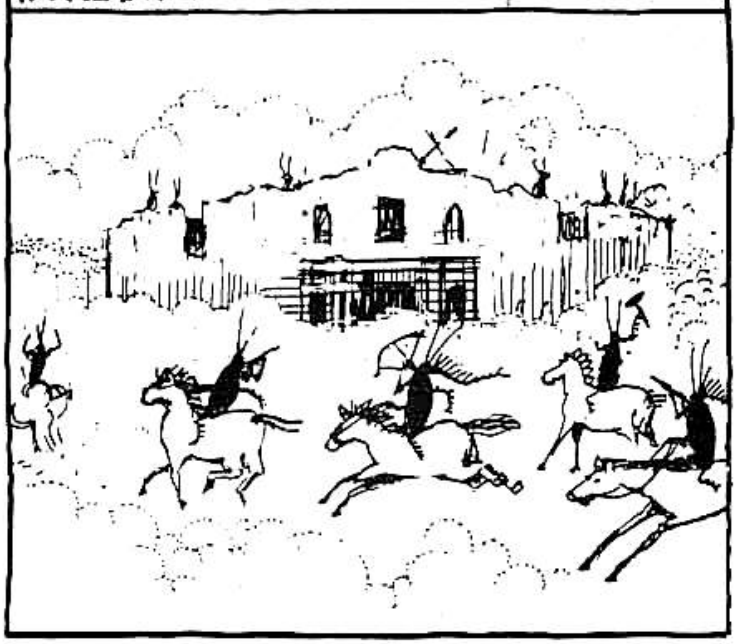

THEY GAVE ME A CHAUFFEUR-DRIVEN LIMOUSINE.

IT LOOKED LIKE IT WAS GOING TO BE EASY. I HAD A LARGE STAFF OF CAPABLE WRITERS.



WE'VE BEEN HEARING A LOT ABOUT YOU, KID! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO TELL A PRETTY GOOD STORY!
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THAT SCREENPLAY!
HMM...
ENNNHHH...
GRUNT.
HA HA HA! I LIKE THIS BIT ABOUT THE FLYING PIGS! I THINK WE CAN KEEP THAT!
BUT ALL THIS CRAP ABOUT CAPITALISTS AND COMMUNISTS HAS GOTTA GO! THE PEOPLE THAT GO TO SEE MOVIES DON'T KNOW JACK SHIT ABOUT POLITICS!
HOW ABOUT COWBOY COCKROACHES AND INDIAN COCKROACHES INSTEAD?

THE **INDIANS** HAVE THE **COWBOYS** ALL **TRAPPED** INSIDE THE **ALAMO** ALONG WITH THEIR **LIVESTOCK** AND **SUPPLIES**.



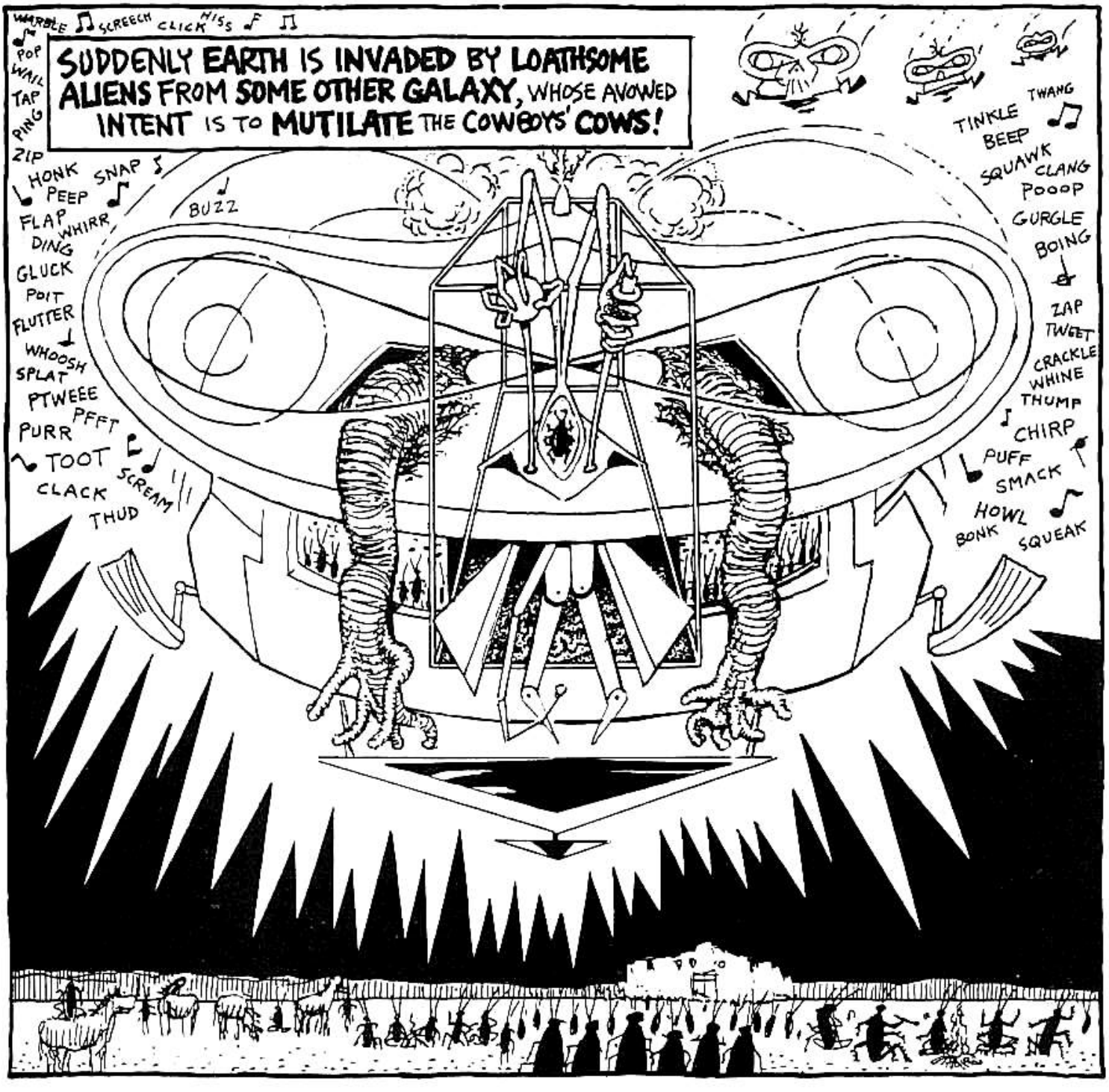
ALL THE INDIANS HAVE TO DO IS **WAIT**, AND **VICTORY** WILL **FALL** INTO THEIR **HANDS** LIKE AN **OVERRIPE FRUIT**.

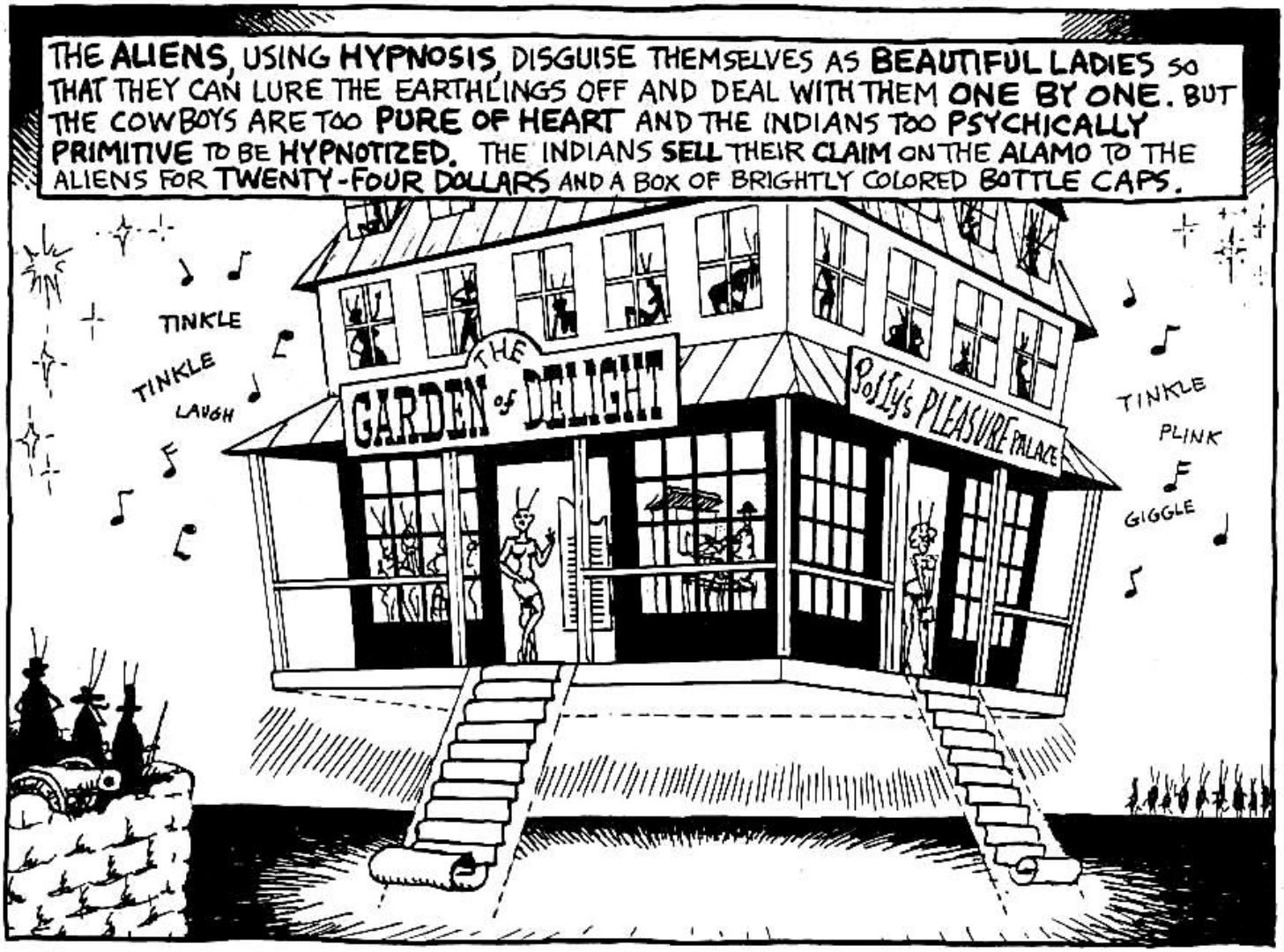
**SUDDENLY EARTH IS INVADED BY LOATHSOME ALIENS FROM SOME OTHER GALAXY**, WHOSE AVOWED **INTENT** IS TO **MUTILATE** THE **COWBOYS' COWS!**

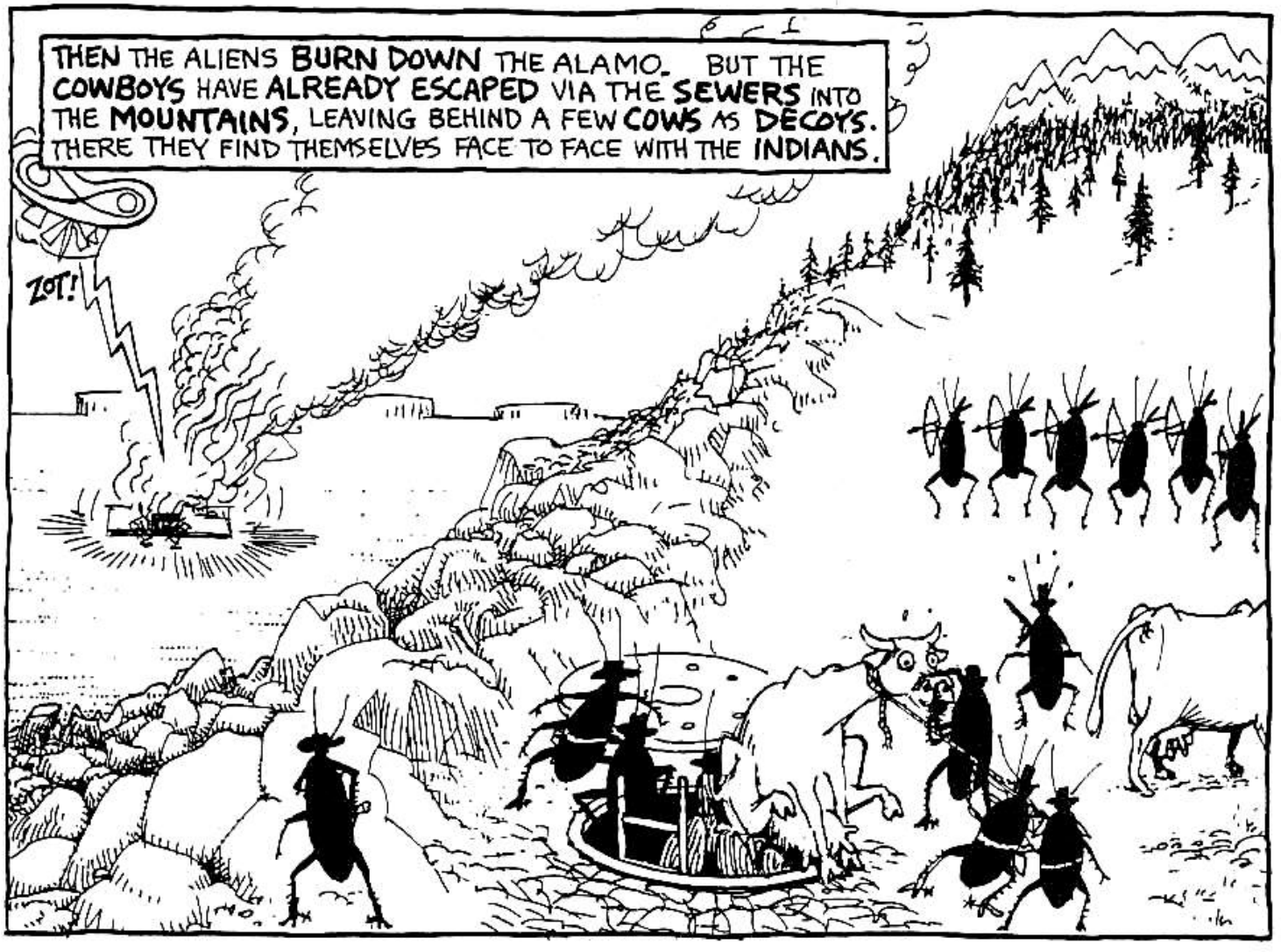
WARBLE SCREECH CLICK HISS

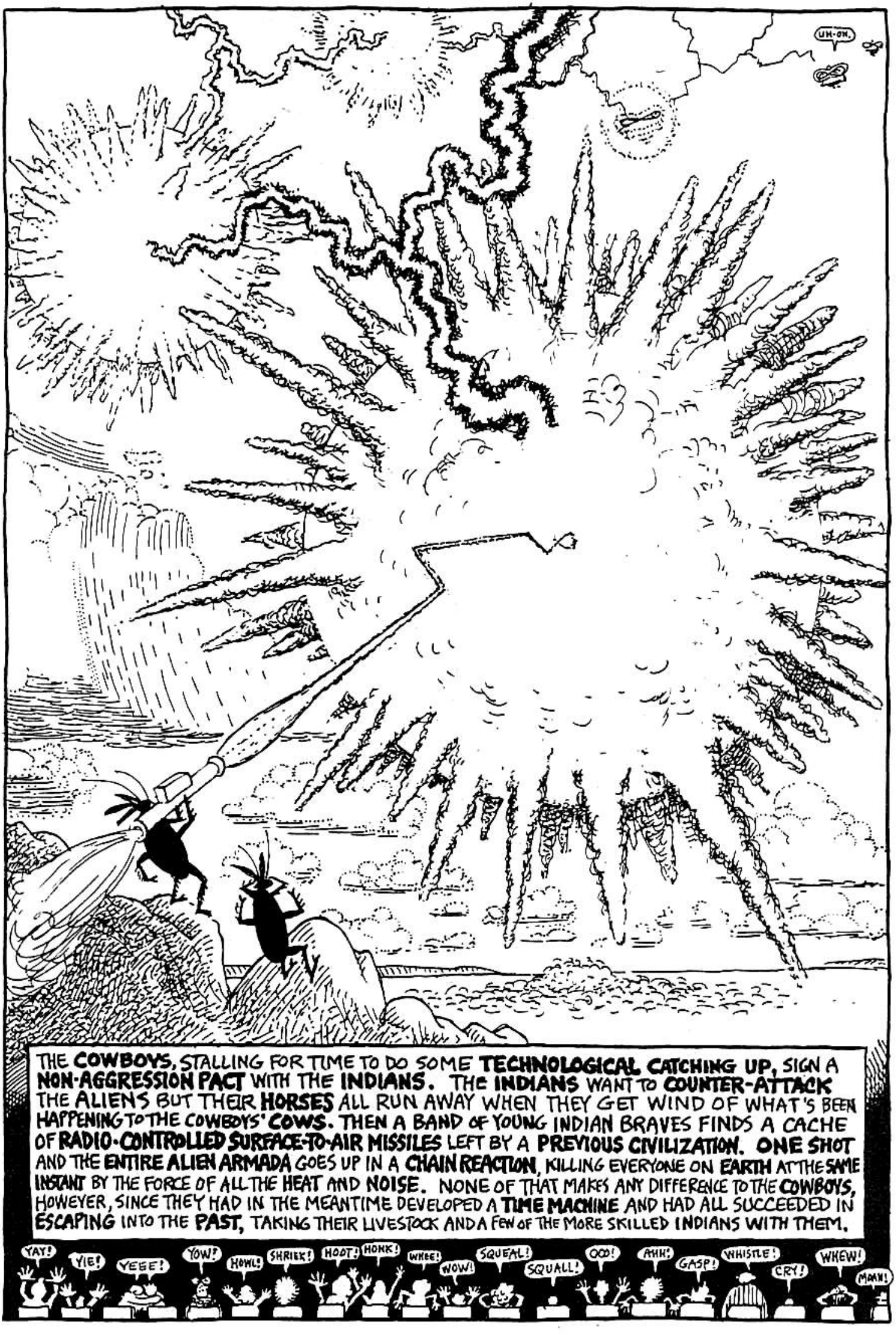
POP WAIL TAP PING ZIP HONK PEEP SNAP FLAP WHIRR DING GLUCK POIT FLUTTER WHOOSH SPLAT PTWEEE PFFT PURR TOOT CLACK THUD SCREAM BUZZ

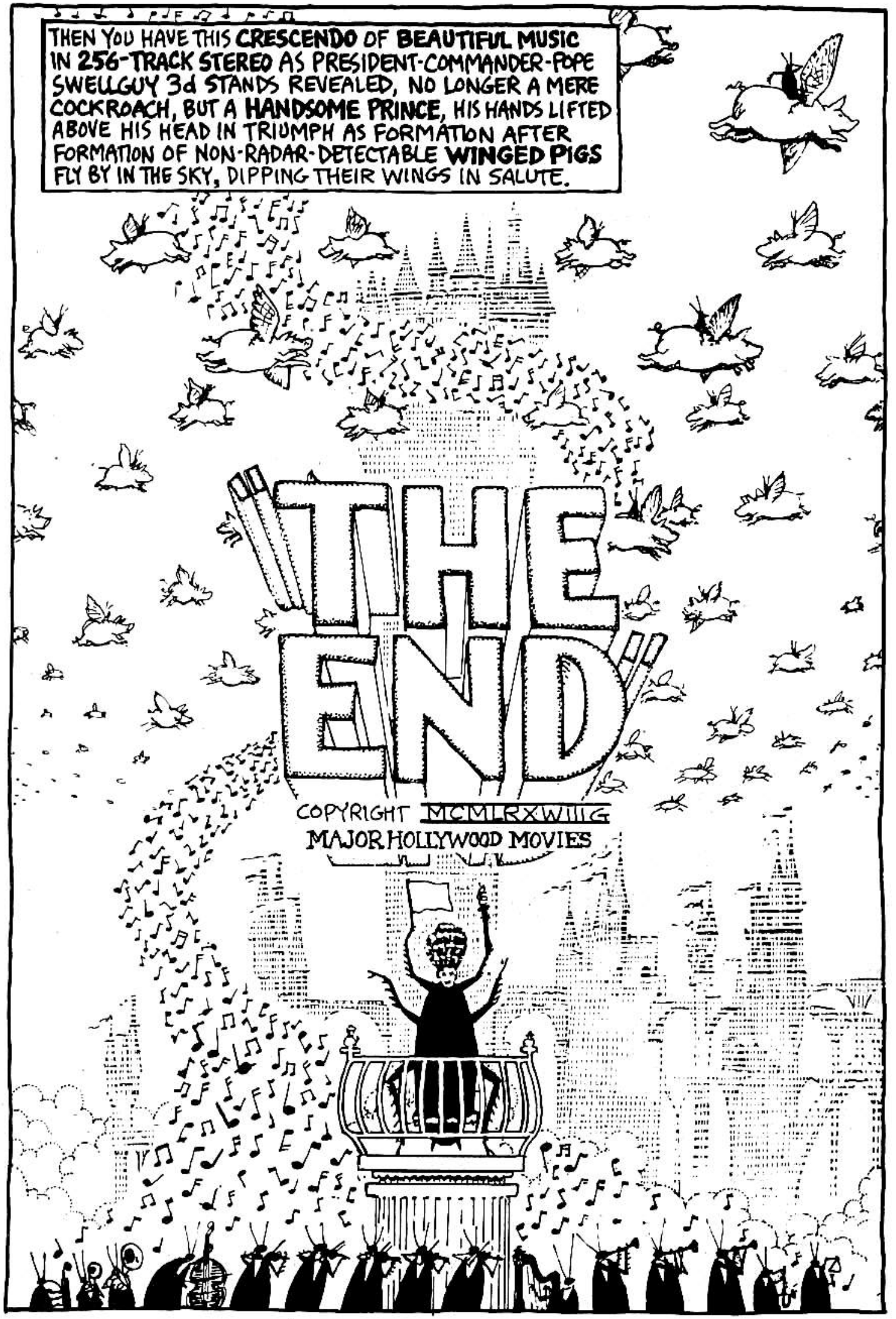
TINKLE TWANG BEEP SQUAWK CLANG POOOP GURGLE BOING ZAP TWEET CRACKLE WHINE THUMP CHIRP PUFF SMACK HOWL BONK SQUEAK

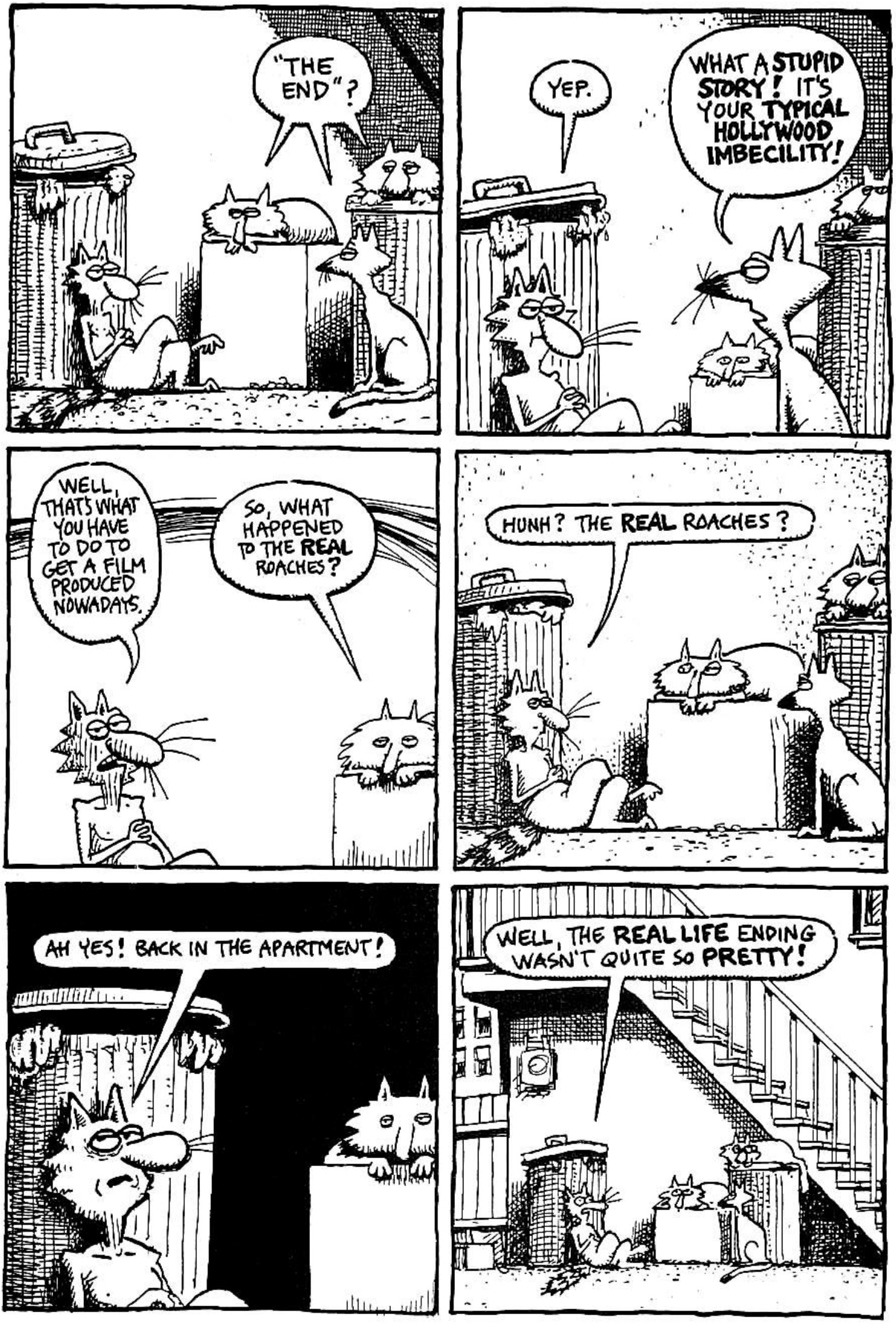



THE ALIENS, USING HYPNOSIS, DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS BEAUTIFUL LADIES SO THAT THEY CAN LURE THE EARTHLINGS OFF AND DEAL WITH THEM ONE BY ONE. BUT THE COWBOYS ARE TOO PURE OF HEART AND THE INDIANS TOO PSYCHICALLY PRIMITIVE TO BE HYPNOTIZED. THE INDIANS SELL THEIR CLAIM ON THE ALAMO TO THE ALIENS FOR TWENTY-FOUR DOLLARS AND A BOX OF BRIGHTLY COLORED BOTTLE CAPS.
TINKLE
TINKLE
LAUGH
THE GARDEN of DELIGHT
SoSLy's PLEASURE PALACE
TINKLE
PLINK
GIGGLE

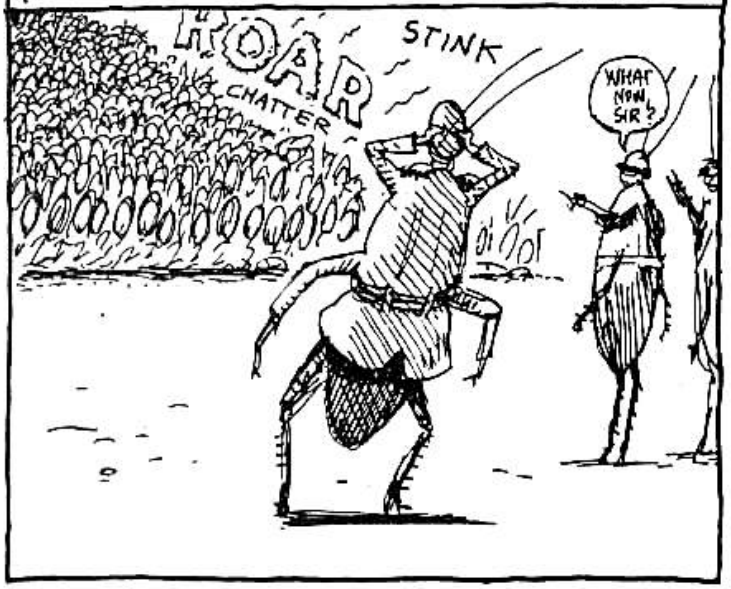

THEN THE ALIENS BURN DOWN THE ALAMO. BUT THE COWBOYS HAVE ALREADY ESCAPED VIA THE SEWERS INTO THE MOUNTAINS, LEAVING BEHIND A FEW COWS AS DECOYS. THERE THEY FIND THEMSELVES FACE TO FACE WITH THE INDIANS.
ZOT!


UH-OH.
THE COWBOYS, STALLING FOR TIME TO DO SOME TECHNOLOGICAL CATCHING UP, SIGN A NON-AGGRESSION PACT WITH THE INDIANS. THE INDIANS WANT TO COUNTER-ATTACK THE ALIENS BUT THEIR HORSES ALL RUN AWAY WHEN THEY GET WIND OF WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING TO THE COWBOYS' COWS. THEN A BAND OF YOUNG INDIAN BRAVES FINDS A CACHE OF RADIO-CONTROLLED SURFACE-TO-AIR MISSILES LEFT BY A PREVIOUS CIVILIZATION. ONE SHOT AND THE ENTIRE ALIEN ARMADA GOES UP IN A CHAIN REACTION, KILLING EVERYONE ON EARTH AT THE SAME INSTANT BY THE FORCE OF ALL THE HEAT AND NOISE. NONE OF THAT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE TO THE COWBOYS, HOWEVER, SINCE THEY HAD IN THE MEANTIME DEVELOPED A TIME MACHINE AND HAD ALL SUCCEEDED IN ESCAPING INTO THE PAST, TAKING THEIR LIVESTOCK AND A FEW OF THE MORE SKILLED INDIANS WITH THEM.
YAY!
YIE!
YEGE!
YOW!
HOWL!
SHRIEK!
HOOT!
HONK!
WHEE!
WOW!
SQUEAL!
SQUALL!
OOD!
AHH!
GASP!
WHISTLE!
CRY!
WHEW!
MOAN!

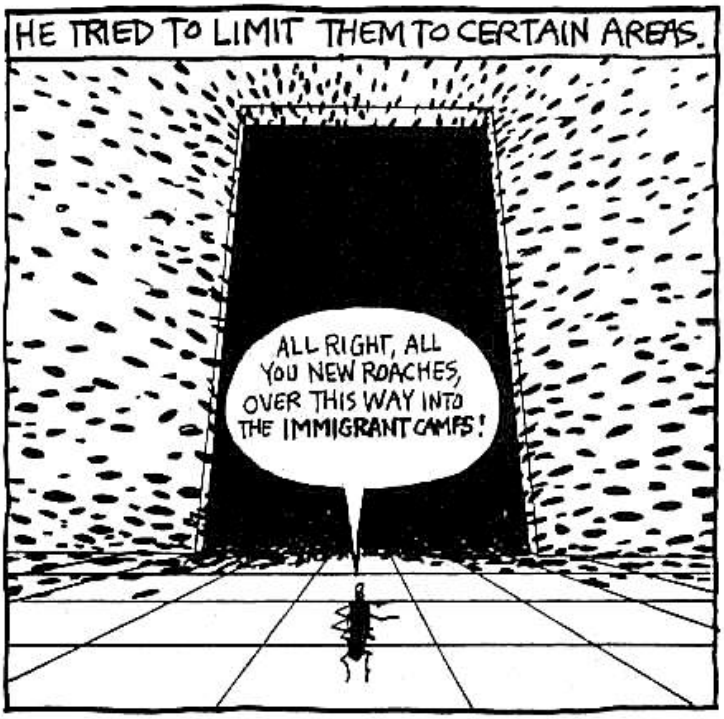

THEN YOU HAVE THIS CRESCENDO OF BEAUTIFUL MUSIC IN 256-TRACK STEREO AS PRESIDENT-COMMANDER-POPE SWELLGUY 3d STANDS REVEALED, NO LONGER A MERE COCKROACH, BUT A HANDSOME PRINCE, HIS HANDS LIFTED ABOVE HIS HEAD IN TRIUMPH AS FORMATION AFTER FORMATION OF NON-RADAR-DETECTABLE WINGED PIGS FLY BY IN THE SKY, DIPPING THEIR WINGS IN SALUTE.
THE END
COPYRIGHT MCMLRXWIIG
MAJOR HOLLYWOOD MOVIES


"THE END"?
YEP.
WHAT A STUPID STORY! IT'S YOUR TYPICAL HOLLYWOOD IMBECILITY!
WELL, THAT'S WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO TO GET A FILM PRODUCED NOWADAYS.
SO, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REAL ROACHES?
HUNH? THE REAL ROACHES?
AH YES! BACK IN THE APARTMENT!
WELL, THE REAL LIFE ENDING WASN'T QUITE SO PRETTY!

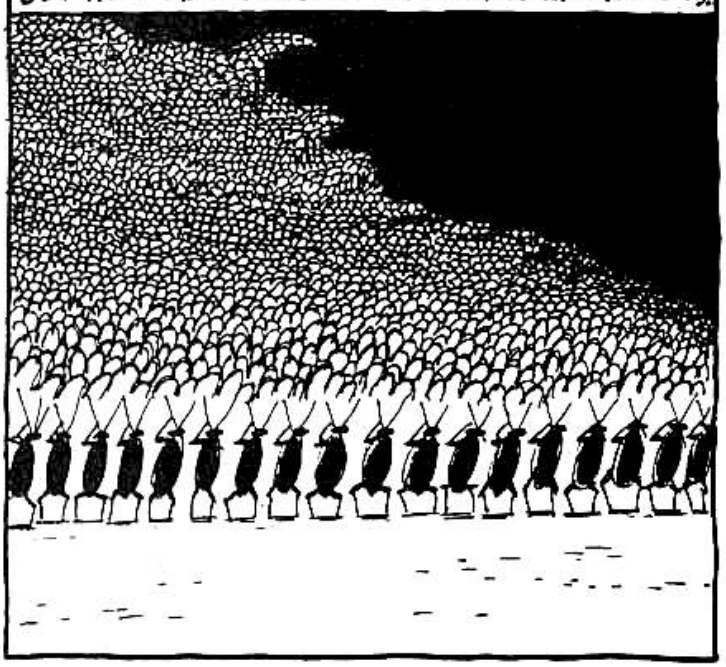
PRESIDENT-COMMANDER-POPE SWELLGUY 3d's WARM WELCOME TO THE NEWCOMERS DIDN'T LAST LONG. THERE WERE MORE OF THEM THAN HE HAD THOUGHT.




HE TRIED TO LIMIT THEM TO CERTAIN AREAS.



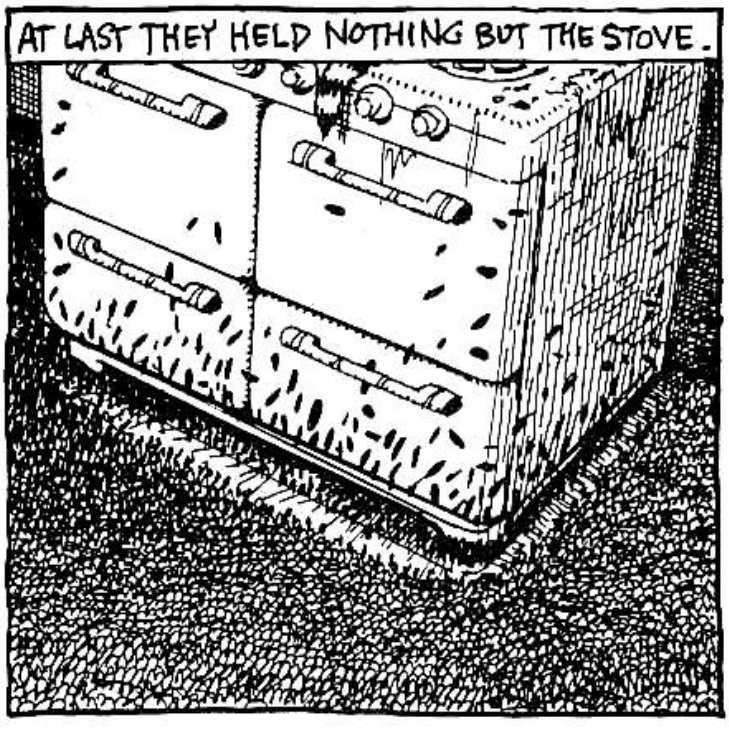

BUT THEY ADVANCED BY SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS.



SWELLGUY AND HIS PEOPLE WERE FORCED TO ABANDON THE FECUND BREAKFAST TABLE.

THEY WERE PUSHED BACK FROM THE SINK, AND THEN THEY LOST THE GARBAGE AREA.

AT LAST THEY HELD NOTHING BUT THE STOVE.



PRESIDENT-COMMANDER-POPE SWELLGUY 3d WAS PUSHED BEYOND THE TOLERANCE OF HIS **PERSONAL SPACE** REQUIREMENT. IN OTHER WORDS, HE **FLIPPED.** WENT **BUGGY**, AS IT WERE.

I'M DRAWING THIS **LINE** HERE ON THE **GROUND** WITH MY **SWORD**, SEE? NOW, DON'T **ANYONE** STEP **ACROSS!** I **FORBID** IT!

RUMBLE

STAMPEDE

IT WAS THE LACK OF RESPONSE TO HIS CUSTOMARY AUTHORITY THAT PUSHED HIM OVER THE EDGE.

IS THIS THE WAY TO THE FOOD?

LET'S EAT!

DID SOMEONE SAY FOOD?

QUIT SHOVING!

EXCUSE ME!

OOPS, SORRY! I STEPPED ON YOUR **LINE.**

**THAT DOES IT!** NOW I MUST USE THE TERRIBLE **SECRET WEAPON** THAT WILL NO DOUBT **DESTROY** US **ALL!**

**RELEASE KAMIKAZE CAT!**

AIEEEEEEE!!

THEY HAD TIED A **PRESSURIZED CAN** OF **INSECT SPRAY** TO MY **TAIL** WITH **STRING.**

Z

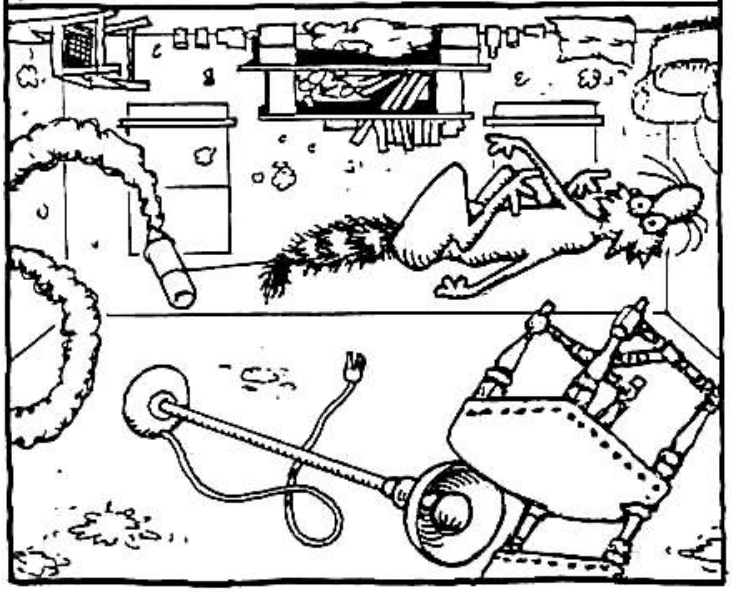
AT THE COMMAND, THEY KNOCKED OFF THE **NOZZLE.**

**CRACK!**

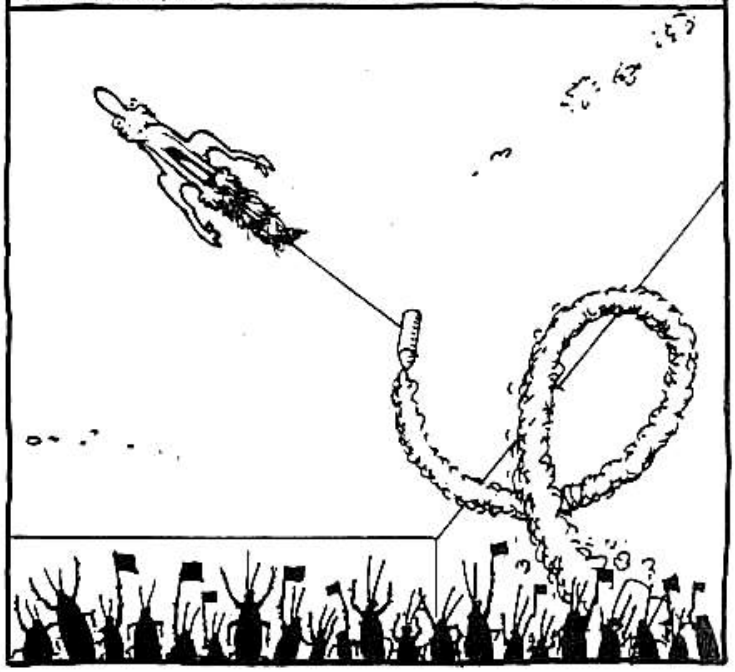
THEY **THOUGHT** IT WAS INSECT SPRAY, BUT THEY HAD GOT A CAN OF PRESSURIZED **WHIPPED CREAM** INSTEAD, NOT BEING ABLE TO **READ** TOO WELL.

I ONLY FIGURED OUT MYSELF WHAT WAS IN THE CAN SOME TIME LATER. IT CHASED ME AROUND THE APARTMENT TWO DOZEN LAPS AND I NEVER LOOKED BEHIND ME ONCE. I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO LOOK BACK, AT THE TIME.

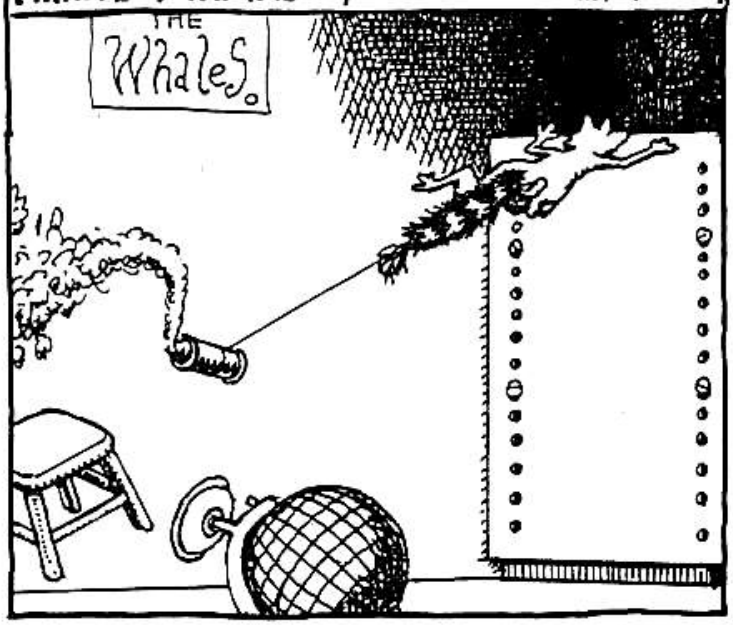
IT MAY SEEM FUNNY **NOW**, BUT IF YOU'VE NEVER HAD A CAN TIED TO **YOUR** TAIL YOU PROBABLY DON'T REALIZE THE **GRAVITY** OF THE SITUATION.



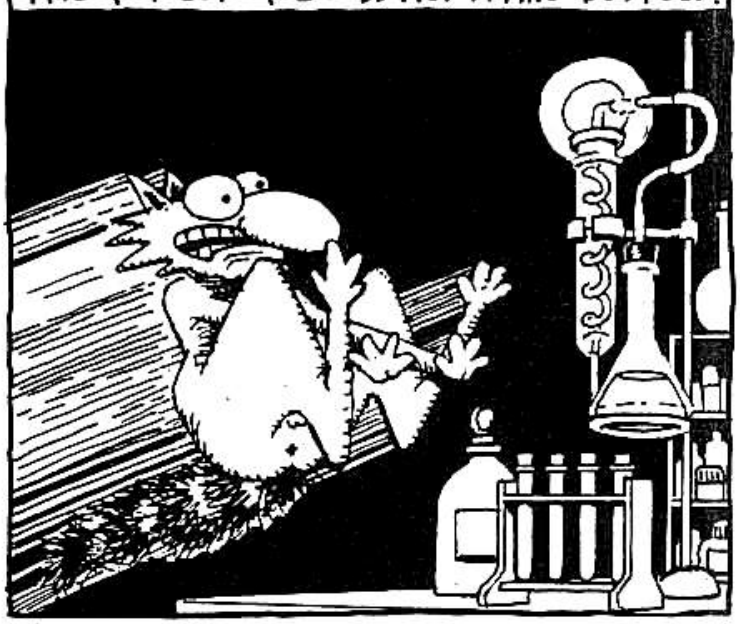
THE **ROACHES** WERE ALL HAVING A **FINE** TIME.



IN MY BLIND PANIC, I LEAPT FOR THE TOP OF **PHINEAS' WORKTABLE**, WHERE I HAD **NEVER BEEN.**



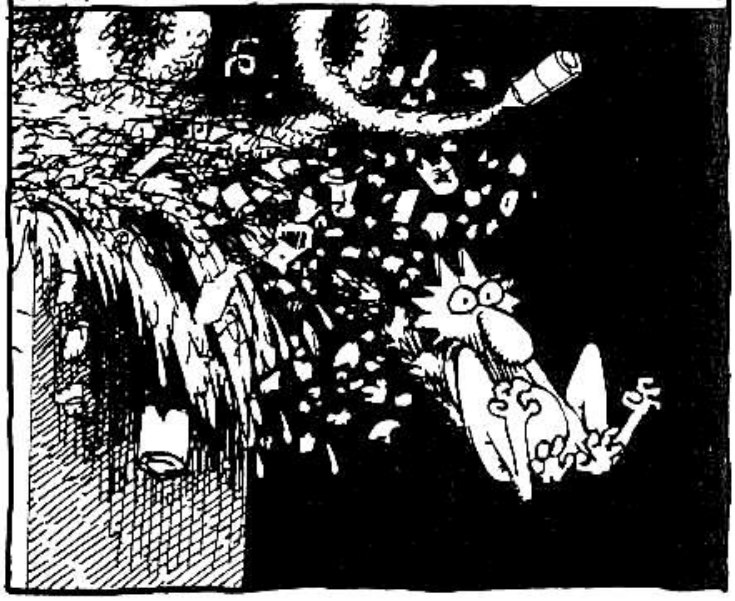

IT WAS TOO LATE TO STOP. I SAILED INTO THE FOREST OF GLASSWORK AND BOTTLES.



PHINEAS, AS YOU KNOW, KEPT ON HAND A VARIETY OF **TOXIC CHEMICALS**, POSSIBLY ON THE THEORY THAT ANYTHING THAT CAN **KILL** YOU CAN MAKE YOU **HIGH.**

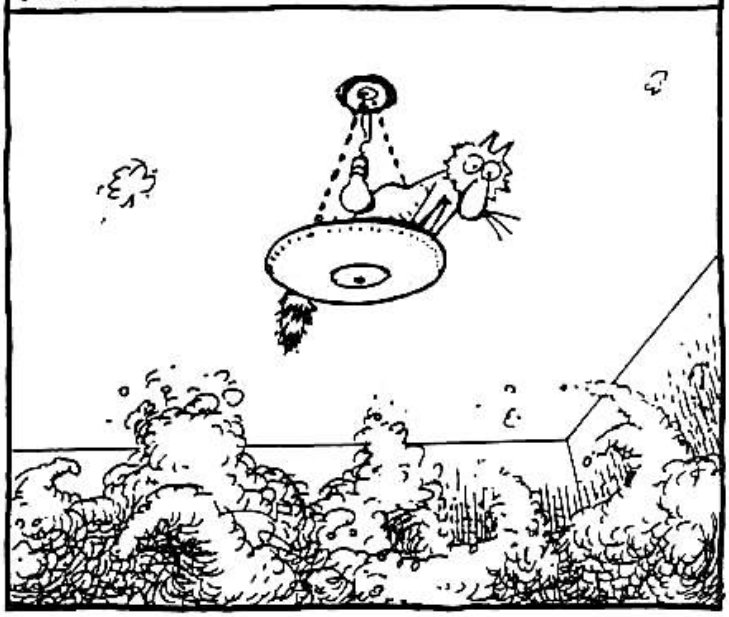
THERE WAS **ETHYLENE DIBROMIDE** AND **METHYL ISOCYANATE** AND **RED DYE Nº 2** AND **2,4,5-T** AND **KEPONE** AND **PCB** AND **DIOXIN**, AND **DESOXYN**, AND **PCP.**

THESE SUBSTANCES **NOW MERGED** IN **HITHERTO UNTRIED COMBINATIONS**, BUT THE KEY INGREDIENT MUST HAVE BEEN THE **WHIPPED CREAM.**

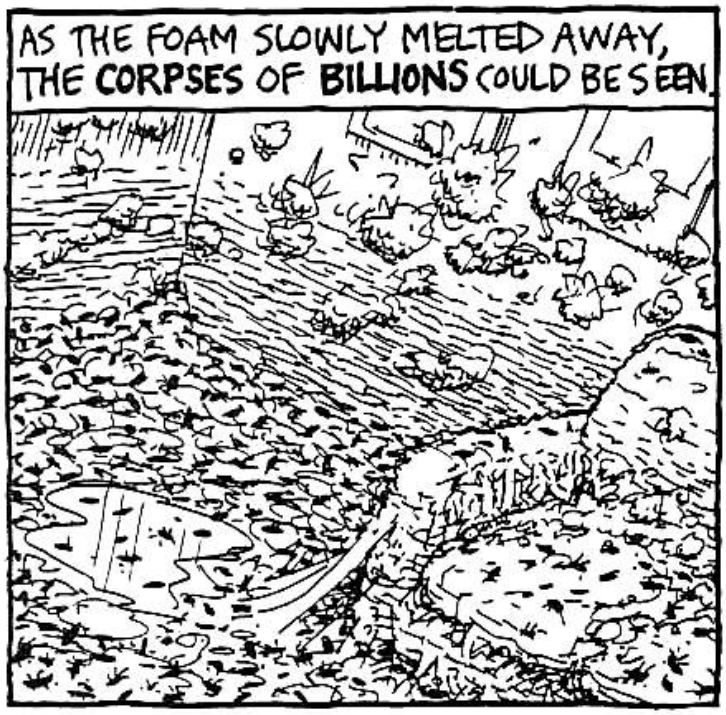


IT **EXPLODED** IN A **FOAMING CASCADE** WHICH QUICKLY **FILLED** THE **APARTMENT.**

IT HAPPENED SO FAST IT CAUGHT ALL OF THE ROACHES BY **SURPRISE.** I SAW **NO SURVIVORS.**

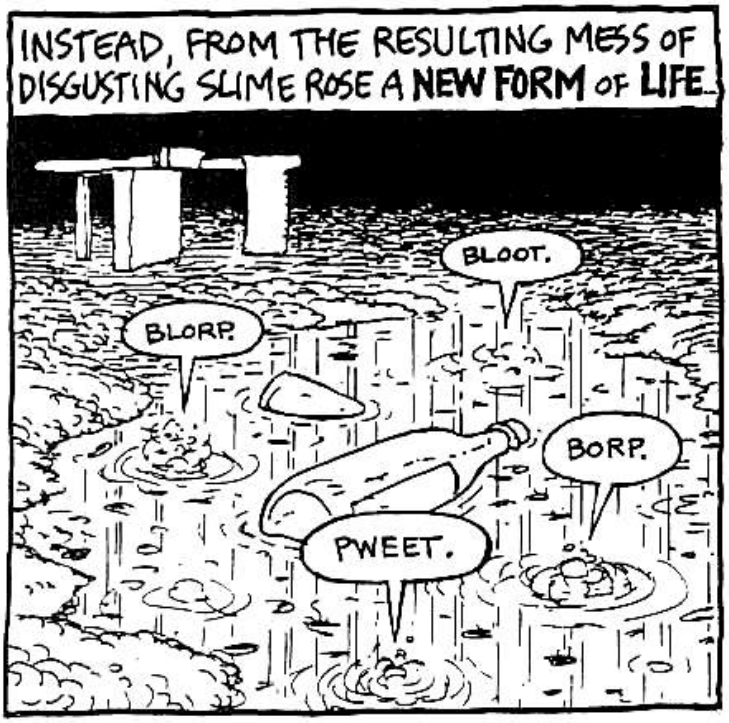


AS THE FOAM SLOWLY MELTED AWAY, THE **CORPSES** OF **BILLIONS** COULD BE SEEN.

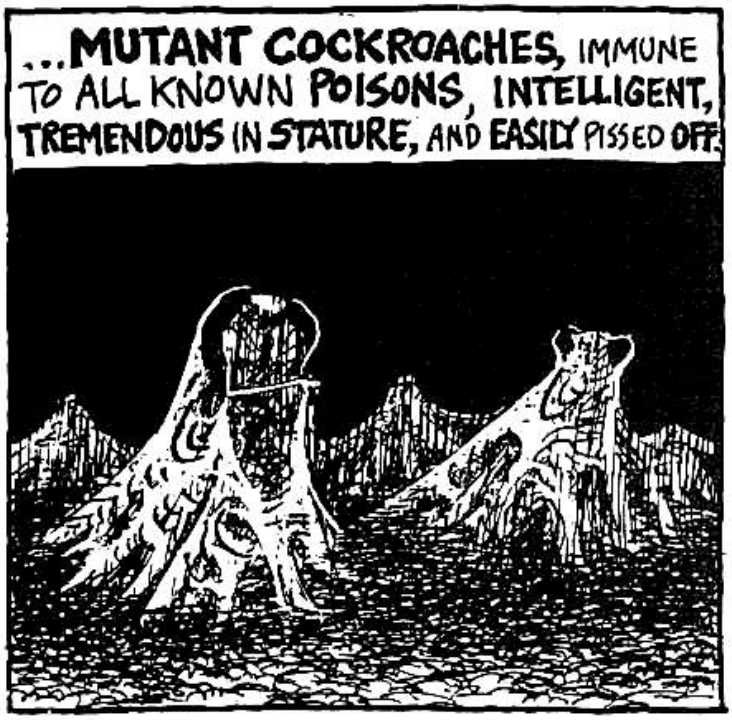


BUT THEY HAD NOT BEEN **QUITE KILLED.**

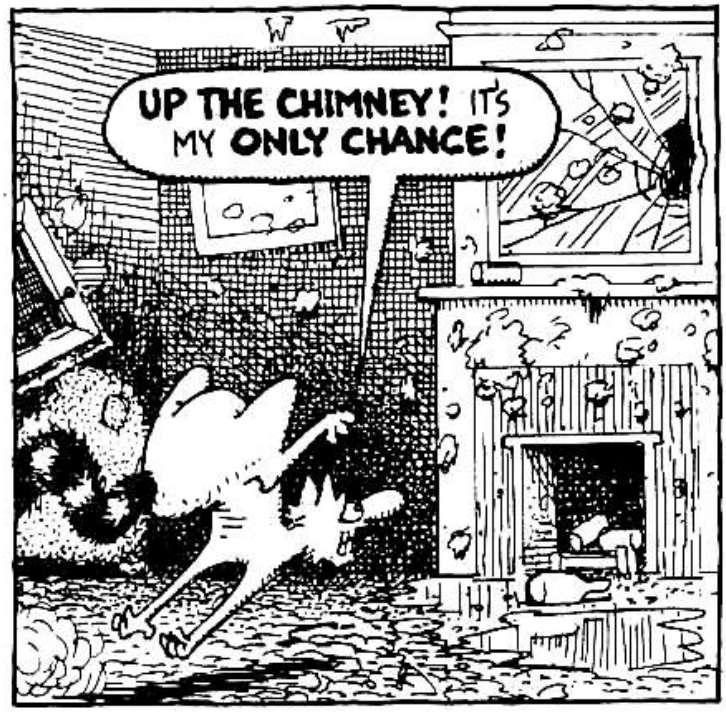
INSTEAD, FROM THE RESULTING MESS OF DISGUSTING SLIME ROSE A **NEW FORM** OF **LIFE.**




...**MUTANT COCKROACHES,** IMMUNE TO ALL KNOWN **POISONS, INTELLIGENT, TREMENDOUS** IN **STATURE,** AND **EASILY** PISSED **OFF.**

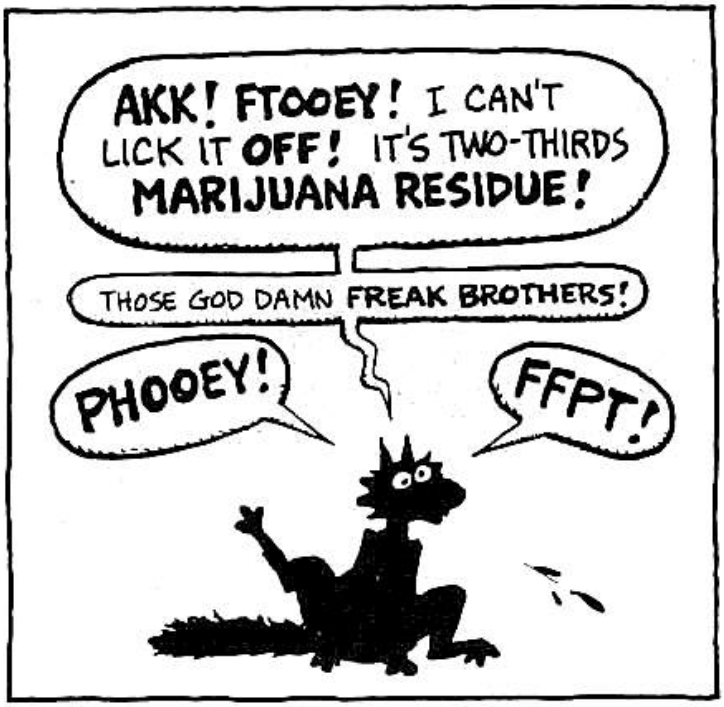


GOVERNMENT PROPERTY
NO TRESPASSING
COCKROACHES THE SIZE OF SKATEBOARDS! I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!
WINE
TALL TOAD


UP THE CHIMNEY! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

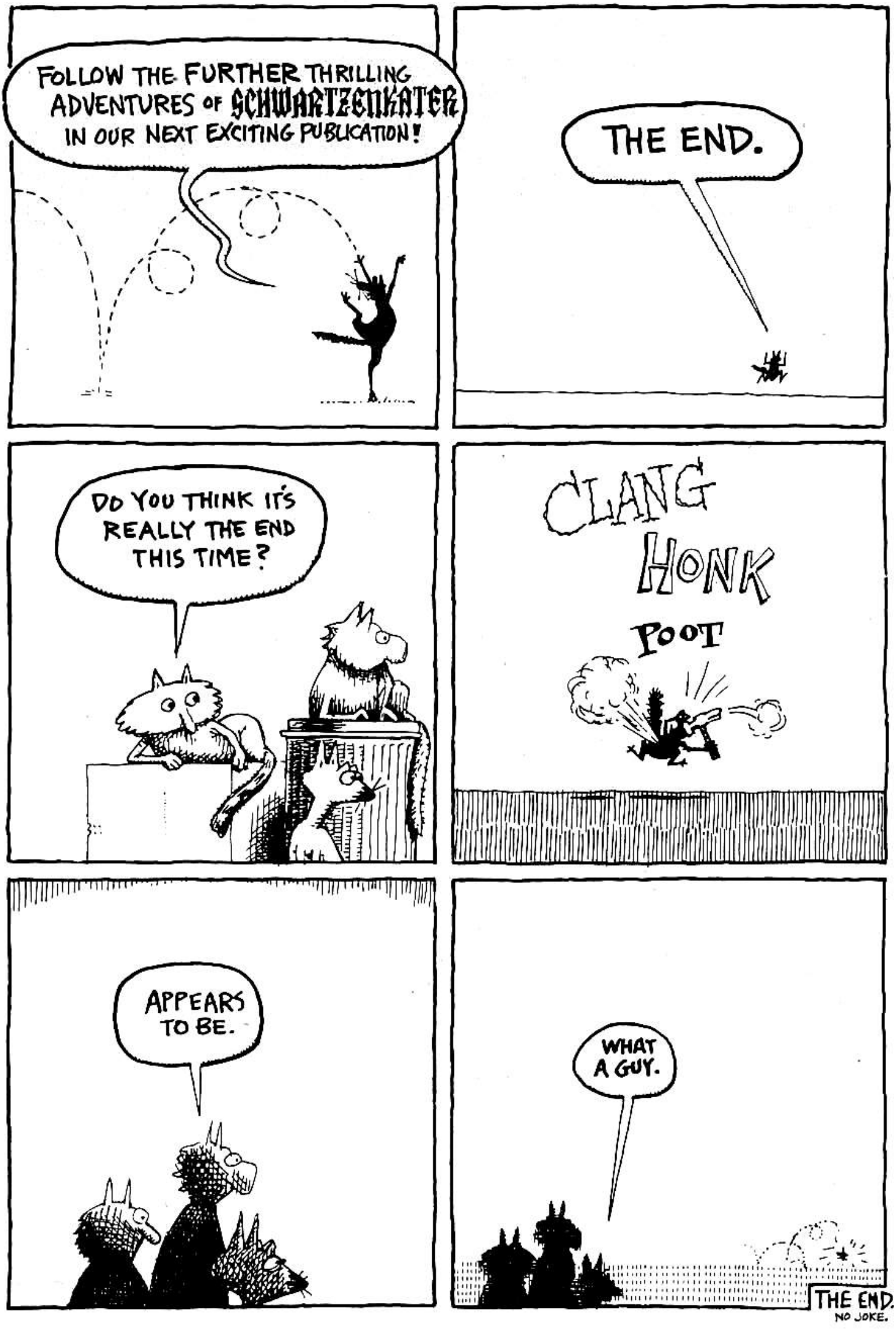
THE CHIMNEY WAS EXTREMELY SMALL IN DIAMETER, AND SEEMED TO GET SMALLER AS I CLIMBED UPWARD.

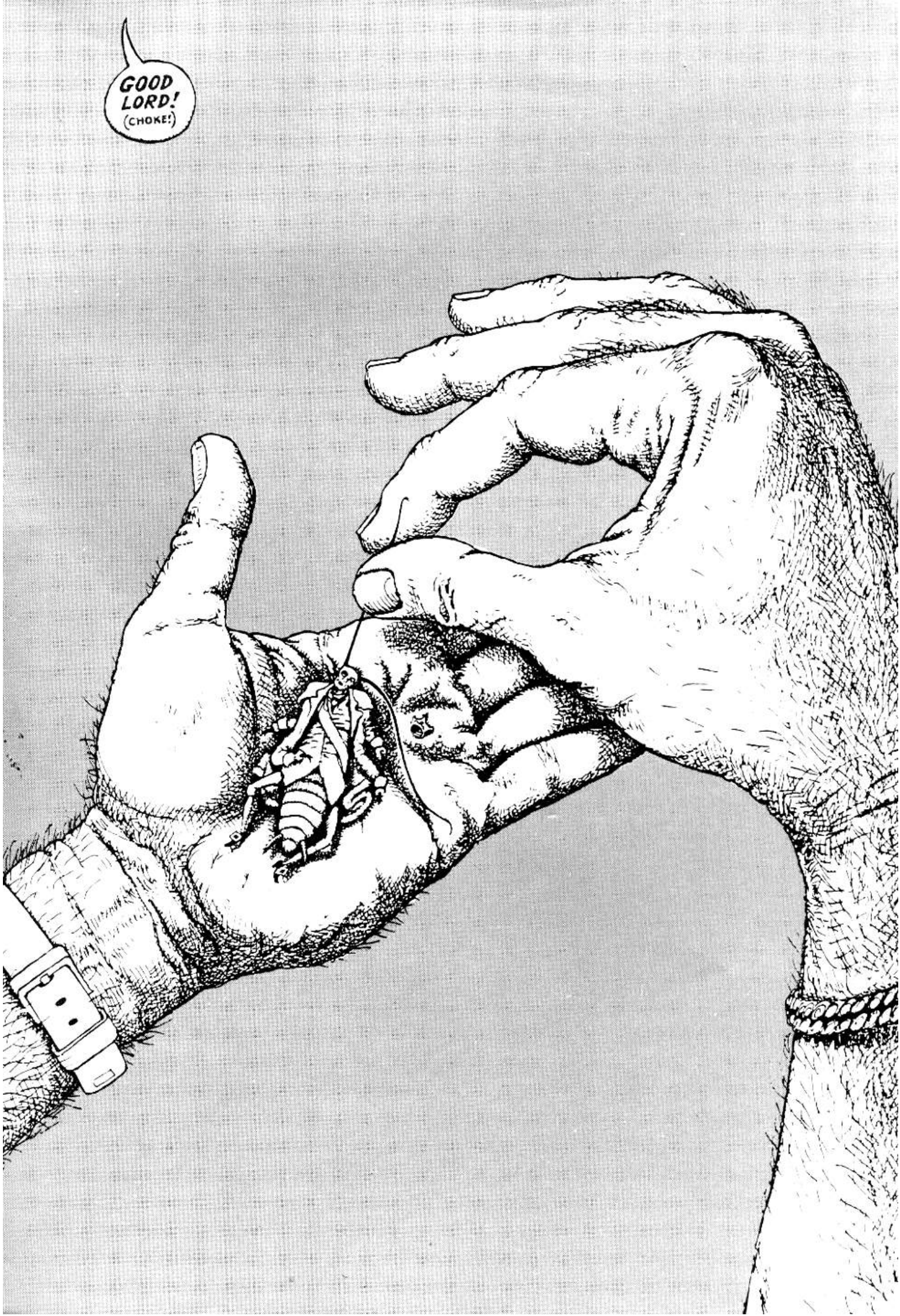
BY THE TIME I WAS FINALLY ABLE TO SQUEEZE OUT THE TOP I WAS COVERED HEAD TO TAIL WITH A THICK LAYER OF SOME BLACK, STICKY, SOOTY SUBSTANCE.

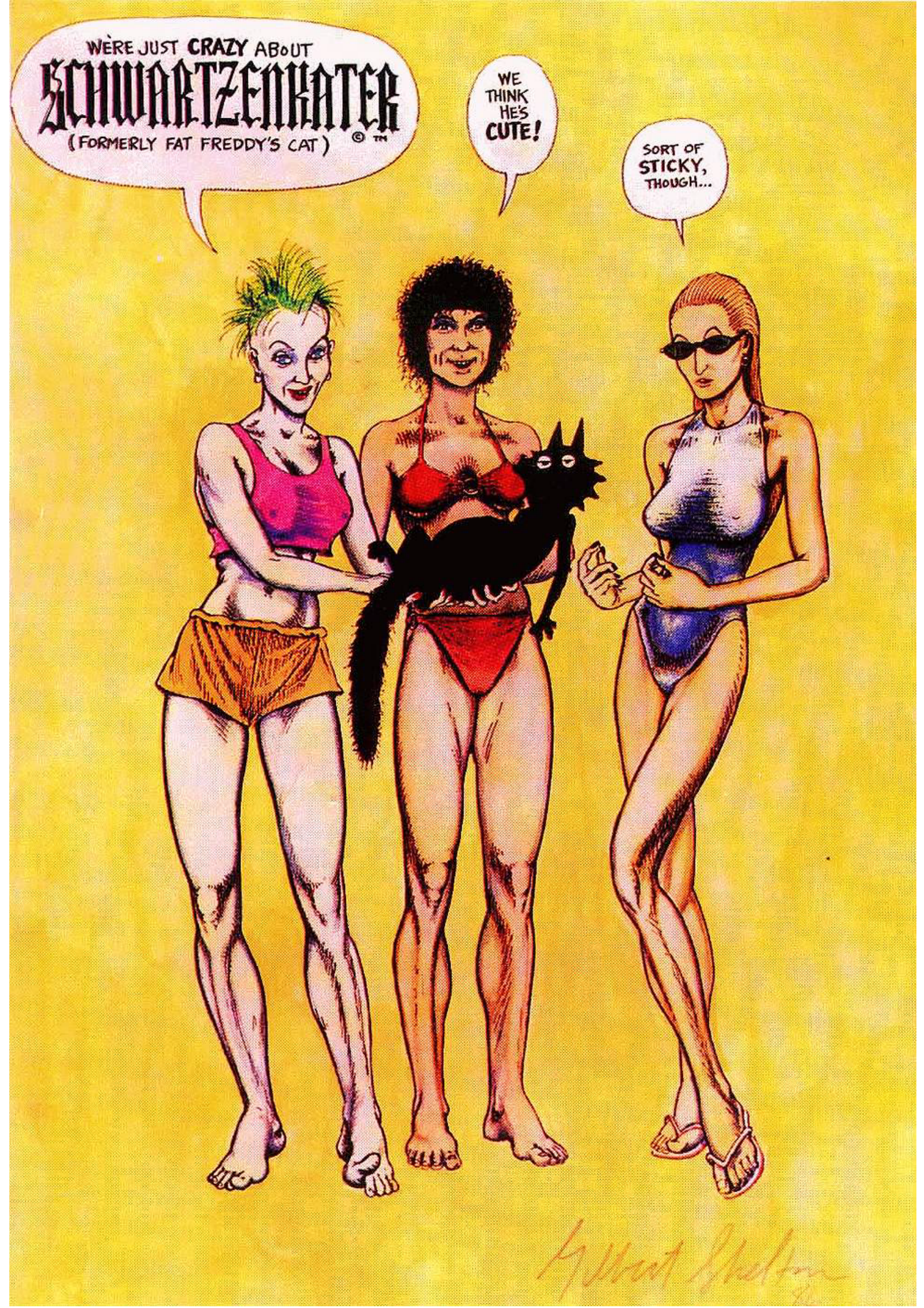

AKK! FTOOEY! I CAN'T LICK IT OFF! IT'S TWO-THIRDS MARIJUANA RESIDUE!
THOSE GOD DAMN FREAK BROTHERS!
PHOOEY!
FFPT!

AH, WELL! AS THEY SAY, IF THE SHOE FITS, WEAR IT!

JUST CALL ME SCHWARTZENKATER!


FOLLOW THE FURTHER THRILLING ADVENTURES OF SCHWARTZENKATER IN OUR NEXT EXCITING PUBLICATION!
THE END.
DO YOU THINK IT'S REALLY THE END THIS TIME?
CLANG
HONK
POOT
APPEARS TO BE.
WHAT A GUY.
THE END.
NO JOKE.


GOOD LORD! (CHOKE!)


WERE JUST CRAZY ABOUT
SCHWARTZENKATER
(FORMERLY FAT FREDDY'S CAT) © ™
WE THINK HE'S CUTE!
SORT OF STICKY, THOUGH...